TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1934 — NUMBER 19

LUIGI PIRANDELLO. *Photo by Keystone View Co.*

Brilliant Bankruptcy

THE GEORGIAN SCENE. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

READERS with a general curiosity about the last twenty-five years of English literature need look no further than this immense book. There are, no doubt, more brilliant writers and better critics in England than Mr. Swinnerton, but I doubt if any writer is better informed. It is precisely its information which gives this book its melancholy value —this, and its author's extraordinarily pleasant manners.

"Melancholy" because so few of the writers it mentions can one remember any more; and more melancholy still because one realizes how precious few of them were worth remembering. "The Georgian Scene" is not merely a record of English writers from 1910 until today, it is also the record of thousands of tons of forgotten printed paper; and it says much for Mr. Swinnerton that he can make this literary mausoleum a pleasant place to linger in, instead of simply a place which gives you the creeps.

I have only one real criticism of Mr. Swinnerton's comprehensive and dutiful book. Its title is misleading. Surely the real Georgian scene was the scene which was never played out, which young prewar England never had time to finish, which ended abruptly with the death of Rupert Brooke in 1915; a scene which was mostly written in terms of a sentimentalism too mild to be poisonous, and prompted only by the magnificent, unfulfilled voices of Shaw and Wells. For if the Georgian scene actually continued beyond the war and into our year 1934, then it isn't finished yet—not so long as King George the Fifth lives to preside over the uncertain destinies of such as Spender and Auden. And it is something more than unfinished— it is practically meaningless unless you discuss politics and economics along with your literature.

Mr. Swinnerton, however, is purely a shrewd literary gossip. As such, it is difficult to praise him too highly. He knows his facts; and there never was such an array of facts, dates, and information as you will find here. Nor can you disagree with any of the judgments which he passes upon the hundreds of writers who throng

(*Continued on page* 311)

Luigi Pirandello, Nobel Prize Winner

By G. A. BORGESE

IN the beginning there was a Sicilian Pirandello, born sixty-seven years ago on the extreme shore of that island, where passionate intelligence and vitality, under the pressure of poverty and superstition, often steam with melancholy and quarrelsome moodiness, or sometimes flare in unexpected violence. Naturally he was a reader and admirer of the Sicilian narrative school, and of its greatest master, Giovanni Verga, a realist indeed, more than that, a pessimist.

Still very young, Pirandello wandered to some university in Germany, where no doubt he made the acquaintance of certain Romanticists: say, Chamisso and his Schlemihl who had lost his shadow, or E. A. T. Hoffmann with his nightmare tales. It is more doubtful whether he ever came directly under the spell of E. A. Poe or Jekyll and Hyde or Wendell Holmes.

Then he settled in Rome, a teacher, a husband, a father. He taught Italian literature to generations of girls from the middle and lower middle classes. That was now his world, with the background of Sicilian reminiscence and a blackish hue of Northern philosophy over the sheen and rags of Mediterranean folk-lore.

His family was ravaged by insanity and discord: an element of his experience now openly recorded in official biographies.

His spontaneity was in short story writing. Far from the sculptural style of a Verga, far also from the mellowness of certain minor masters, he had a weird sarcasm of his own, with a ghastly, almost soundless laugh, and an obsessive idea of life and man, which drew every fragment of inspiration into a whirl, always the same.

Life is just a trick, a farce of the gods (who, in their turn, do not exist at all). It may display masks and attires, some of them fine; tear them off, you'll see naked truth. An ugly nakedness, and miserable; even worse than that, life and truth are nothing. An escape might be left, perhaps compassion; no social brotherhood supposing a plan and a hope; only occasional, impulsive benevolence in the narrow surrounding of family and neighborhood; a smile, a help to child or woman or pariah. But even that must not be taken too seri-

(*Continued on page* 310)

"God's Little Acre": an Analysis

BY LAWRENCE S. KUBIE, M. D.

[*Some readers may not have seen the editor's Introduction to Dr. Kubie's series of articles applying the principles of psychoanalysis to the modern literature of neuroticism. For them it may be well to repeat that these essays are not literary criticisms but scientific analyses of the perplexing phantasies which have caused so much discussion of widely read books in this characteristically modern variety of fiction. These essays will supply a basis for a later literary estimate—Editor.*]

MEN have always known that the romantic picture of love and marriage is false. They have known that the eager yearnings of adolescence meet with strangely bitter disappointments in the effort to translate themselves into the realities of adult experience. Only recently, however, has any understanding come of why this is true, through the realization that, from childhood on, each step in Everyman's psychosexual evolution is taken in the face of opposing forces which threaten to drive him from the path of normal development. If then the impulse to write and to read bears any relation to human needs, it would seem to be inevitable that a struggle which begins in earliest years and continues throughout life must find insistent expression in literature. It is not strange, therefore, that novelists and readers have always been concerned with sex.

To meet the needs of different temperaments, however, literature assumes varied forms. The simplest and most childlike response to disappointment is to retreat into phantasies in which the frustrated yearnings are gratified. In this way simple people can console themselves with the adolescent and sentimental prevarications of the movies and the cheap magazines. Even the better forms of the romantic novel serve essentially the same simple need. Such writings might therefore be called the romantic and consolatory literature of sex.

More complicated temperaments cannot make use of this elementary device of phantasy and romance; but instead react to disappointment with bitterness and irony, which expresses itself in an effort to belittle that which is unobtainable. Much of the so-called "classical" erotic literature satisfied the needs of such readers; Rabelais and Casanova, Boccaccio and Cellini. But whether it be naive or sophisticated, romantic or ironical and bitter, all of this literature constitutes merely varying forms of literary escape. In neither group is sex recognized as a serious, perplexing, and vital human problem.

Out of the modern temper, however, there has arisen a third group of books: one in which sex is treated frankly and seriously, and yet with a confused pattern of tension and distortion. These books form the great bulk of the so-called morbid modern literature, a literature which attempts not merely a safe and literary escapade in sex, but rather a mirror of the moving realities of sexual problems in all their intricacy.

Certainly a compelling drive to portray and solve the problems of sexual unrest and dissatisfaction is not an obscene or morbid purpose. Yet just as the problem play will be violently attacked while the naked revue passes unmolested, so, too, the cheap and "sexy" magazine, or the subtler waggery of classical erotica, will be accepted unprotestingly by the very people who raise the cry that these modern books are deliberately capitalizing the morbid and perverse in human nature. In other words, an honest and vivid literature, which is struggling to express the confused problems of sex, arouses such hostile, uncomfortable, and suspicious feelings, that it is attacked as dirty, obscene, sick, useless, ugly, etc. This is a strange and paradoxical social phenomenon, the explanation of which may lead to a deeper understanding of the psychological and artistic significance of these books.

The most obvious point is that the protesting reader has been made uncomfortable in a special and peculiar way. Furthermore, not only is he uncomfortable, but he is resentfully aroused as well; and it is out of this constellation of feelings that he throws up the epithet "obscene."

To define what is meant by obscenity is impossible, because the word does not carry quite the same implications to any two people. Nor is there any one type of scene or phrase which will make all people squirm. Yet the experience is almost universal, a feeling which everyone has encountered and can recognize, even if its effective stimulus varies from one human being to another. And since it is universal, it must have some common underlying quality.

This experience might well be called the "sense of the obscene," and with regard to it we will take as our premise: (1) that a reader's phantasies, be they conscious or unconscious, arise from his personal needs; (2) that this angry, resentful sense of the obscene arises when confused and troubling unconscious phantasies are stirred into activity; (3) that this happens when such phantasies have been awakened in the reader by the vigor of the author's art.

From what has been said already it should be clear that our search leads directly into the problem of psychosexual illness. The difficult lifelong struggle to-

This Week

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
By JOHN COWPER POWYS
Reviewed by Arthur Colton

SOUTH TO CADIZ
By H. M. TOMLINSON
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell

SUNDOWN
By JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

LITTLE ORVIE
By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE DARK ISLAND
By V. SACKVILLE WEST
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

METROPOLIS
By AGNES ROGERS and FREDERICK L. ALLEN
Reviewed by Robert Disraeli

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

ONE WAY OF WRITING NOVELS
By ELLEN GLASGOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wards adult normality is pursued through a maze of infantile and childish impulses, which, though normal enough at their own levels, become disturbing if they persist with dominating force into adult life. It is inevitable, therefore, that in a literature which deals with a blind groping towards normal sexuality one should find much of the psychopathology of sex dramatized in literary expression. This will appear chiefly in descriptions of adult distortions of infantile impulses; and it is just here that the reader, either for lack of technical knowledge, or because of inner problems, is most likely to mistake the portrayal of distorted sexual development for the manifestations of a supernormal lustiness and release. Often enough the picture of sickness is taken for an example of a greater freedom. It becomes therefore a most difficult problem to estimate the esthetic significance of this confused borderland between sickness and health.

Since no problem in science or in art can be solved by generalizations alone, our first step must be to subject a typical example of this literature to a frankly psychoanalytic scrutiny. To do this one must use the tale and the people and their words as dreamlike products of imagination, dissecting the story for the conscious and unconscious content of the characters' minds or acts to see how much of sickness or of health lies within its pages.

For this purpose we have chosen the novel, "God's Little Acre," by Erskine Caldwell, first published in the spring of 1933 by the Viking Press. It is an earthy and vivid story of Southern whites, who struggle in the land, and in town, and in their bodies to reach some kind of peace. And because here and there this struggle is infused with activity which is technically known as "perverted," the book drew upon itself the curiosity of all and the wrath of many.

In the tale, as in a dream, there are confused and kaleidoscopic shifts forwards and backwards between desolate farm land and a turbulent strike-weary mill town; from deep pit holes in the red and yellow clay to hilly eminences, from swamp land to solid earth. Unlike an actual dream, however, the movement from scene to scene is carried along on a thread of story; whereas in a dream which has not been artificially elaborated the episodes would follow one another without even this pretence of conscious reason. To the analyst, therefore, the story serves as a rationalization, an effort to give an appearance of logical order to the sequence of free phantasies. This conscious elaboration of spontaneous phantasy succeeds in making the tale appear simple and realistic; but it also interjects elements which are extraneous to the fundamental dreamlike structure. It is necessary, therefore, to confine the analytic interpretation to the main outlines of the story, considering only the characters and their outstanding acts.

As in many dreams, one may recognize two groups of characters, those that are clear and those that are vague. There are some shrouded and ominous figures who hover dimly in the background, like those unseen persons in a dream whose presence one senses but never sees. There are others who stand out with all the hallucinatory vividness of the lions and tigers of a child's nightmare. Their clarity is a tribute to the author's skill, particularly because, despite their sharp outlines, they retain their fantastic and unreal quality; and when closely examined these figures fuse until they seem to become different aspects of a single human spirit, split up by a legitimate and effective literary artifice into the semblances of separate beings.

Among all the characters one finds no living mother in the book. Yet everywhere throughout the tale brood the spirits of unhappy, frustrated, and forgotten mothers, *dimly seen, yet constituting the essential* but unrecognized object of all the conflict which the story contains. The figures of women can be arrayed in order from the most dim to the clearest; and then one sees that the shadowy figures are the frank mother-images, and that as the figures of women become clearer the maternal role is distorted more and more towards perversion and prostitution. It is as if the book were saying that the only good woman is a dead and legendary mother—and that even there danger and sin may lurk.

First there is old Mrs. Walden, who, before the tale is begun, has died of heartbreak because her oldest son was ashamed of her. She is a dim phantasy of a good mother, dead and therefore forever unattainable. Then there is the witch-like figure of Gussie, supposedly diseased and hoarding gold, whom this oldest son had married and with whom he hid himself away. This is the "bad woman," the "sterile mother," no mother at all and yet more mother than wife, who is heard wandering eerily off-stage and who never appears directly in the action of the book.

The first woman to emerge even dimly from these shadows is Rosamond, Ty Ty Walden's oldest daughter, and the wife of Will Thompson. She remains vague in outline, but at least she is alive. She weeps in the background of the story, taking humbly and gratefully what Will has left over to give her, mothering him, feeding him, spanking him with her hair-brush when she catches him *flagrante delicto* with her younger sister, Darling Jill. Then she tries in a sudden rage to shoot him; but in the end she mourns his death in a paroxysm of grief.

And finally come the only two clear and vivid women in the tale, standing as the direct objects and instruments of primitive lusts. One is Griselda, the wife of Buck Walden, the daughter-in-law in the Walden family, no mother in spirit or in fact, but whose body stands to all the men as a perverse symbol for nursing. The other is Darling Jill, the youngest Walden daughter, who devotes her life to conquering men with her body, insatiable and destructive, tantalizing men, using them, throwing them aside, demanding pain as her only physical joy, and turning for peace at the last to the fat, infantile, and eunuchoid figure of "Pluto."

This much, then, can be safely concluded: (that in this tale are found only certain limited conceptions of women. There are good mothers who are dead, good mothers who suffer, bad mothers who hoard their sustenance and will not share, mothers who breed and transmit disease, erotic mothers whose bodies exist to nurse men, and women who exist only to destroy. There is no image of a woman whose body is to be loved as an adult,—genitally, confidently, happily, tenderly, reproductively. By some undefined magic of the moon, as Ty Ty Walden says, no act of intercourse in the book results in the conception of a child. In the confused and childlike phantasy, babies would seem to be conceived and born in some other

(*Continued on page* 312)

As Wild Mohawk

By FLORENCE WILKINSON

IN glimmering starlight on my journey forth,
noting faint current of betrayer wind,
or leeward loping, crouched and moccasined,
I whiffed the caribou, crushing the tree's north.
the mossy northern rib; but, storm misled,
now like the prairie hen I plead and squawk,
crying unto my Lord, a wild Mohawk;
"I have been snared; if I had lain in bed
through pounding rain and forked lightning I
might then have welcomed, climbing down the sky
on lightning's ladder, branch by branch of gleam,
the spirit-Hunter with his belt of dream.
Impute it not my fault (whom hunger drove)
to forfeit thus the supper of Thy love."

Show Business

ZIEGFELD THE GREAT GLORIFIER. By Eddie Cantor and David Freedman. New York: Alfred H. King. 1934. $2.

MY OWN STORY. By Marie Dressler as Told to Mildred Harrington. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

THIS short biography and this slightly longer autobiography of two famous characters in the American theatre may not be literature, but they are valuable Americana; an actor and an actress have told the stories, assisted by two most capable writers. In fact, the witty Eddie Cantor's collaborator is one who helped Cantor with his own life story, one who has written some good short stories, some good revues, and at least one successful play. David Freedman is a man of unusual talent. I don't know who Mildred Harrington is, though perhaps I should, but she assisted the late Marie Dressler in making her autobiography vivid and moving. The Ziegfeld biography ran serially as "Ziegfeld and His Follies," and an abbreviated version of the Dressler narrative appeared in the magazine called *Redbook* as "Life Begins at Sixty."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, MARIE DRESSLER, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, AND MARY PICKFORD AT A LIBERTY LOAN DRIVE IN 1918.
From "My Own Story."

Florenz Ziegfeld created a form of entertainment that became an institution on the American stage and started a swarm of other revues, incidentally showing the way to George White and Earl Carroll. Over and above that Ziegfeld was one of the most remarkable characters in the American theatre. The book about him begins:

> The beginning of the twentieth century developed three great inventions—the telephone, the telegraph, and the American Beauty—and Florenz Ziegfeld was the leading exponent of all three. He was the Knight Errant of American Womanhood. The telegram was his sword and the telephone his coat-of-arms.

One can scarcely quarrel with that statement, if by knight-errant is to be understood one who sincerely and profoundly admired feminine beauty and wished to see it made as spectacular as was humanly possible. We are apt somewhat cynically to smile at the "glorification" process; but there is no doubt that Ziegfeld loved form, design, and color, and had the eye of an artist for the spectacle of beauty, expressing itself even in the most meticulous study of fabrics wherewith to enhance it, scenic arrangements before which to present it, and an intricate system of lighting to play upon it. He was absorbed in spectacle. He hardly ever laughed. He seemed to care little for brilliant comedy achievements in his revues, though he well knew the value of his comedians and treated Eddie Cantor with a mixture of jocularity and sentiment, as though he had been his own son.

In his peculiar field there was a touch of genius about Ziegfeld, and surely as a human being in a supposedly normal world he was one of the most eccentric of characters and beloved of the gods. He had no idea, as Cantor and Freedman say, of time, space, or the value of money. He had enormous personal magnetism. He engaged Anna Held in London at a time when he was flat broke, had run through large resources, and apparently had no direction in which to turn. That was early in his career. But

> The rest was simple. He cabled Diamond Jim Brady and there was the money! Flo always had men of finance who helped him readily and lavishly.

He possessed a "mysterious magic" that even Abraham L. Erlanger, that one-time Czar of Broadway, and human adding-machine, could appreciate. Ziegfeld could create bonanzas out of nothing.

The prime fact about Marie Dressler's life is, of course, her remarkable "comeback." Subsequent to her valiant work in the war and in the Actors' Equity strike of 1919, the managers ceased to have work for her. She travelled, she busied herself, she fought a losing fight. But eight years later, when almost at the end of her rope, she got the chance to go to Hollywood and act the role of Ma Callahan in "The Callahans and the Murphys." She made good in it, but the picture offended the Irish, and another disheartening interlude ensued. Again she got her chance in the screen version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Garbo. She triumphed superbly.

Hers is the story of a fighter, an optimist, a grand old trouper, with an extraordinary personality that made her hosts of friends. It is a moving narrative because of the utter genuineness and valor of the woman. One can see, without ever having known her, why Marie Dressler is still so greatly beloved. Having climbed to stardom on the stage, she became a star again at the age of sixty in a new medium. Her generous acknowledgments go to all her many friends who stood by her, and she misses no irony in the twists of fortune, witness the movingly dramatic account of what she read in the paper about another actress of sixty the morning after the banquet in her honor when she received the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award for the best portrayal of a feminine role of the year.

The anecdotal side of the book is rich and vivid. There is not a dull page. The glimpses one gets of Lillian Russell, Chaplin in his beginnings, Mabel Normand, Greta Garbo, are mere details in a close-packed story. And it is a life worth reading about, the enheartening account of a fine type of woman.

It should perhaps be added that both books are well illustrated, and that the Ziegfeld book contains a supplement of photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston of some of the most noted show-girls that Ziegfeld "glorified."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bundle of Contradictions

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

LLEWELLYN POWYS somewhere calls his brother John "the plumed serpent," meaning perhaps that there is something uncanny about him and something glorious, something that gives you a start, something sinuous and primeval, with a darting tongue and a head in the air. His brother John says of himself: "My vitality is so terrific, my constitution so adamantine, my will so strong, that it is difficult to believe that so galvanized a Jack-in-the-Box, making such lively gesticulations, should be so completely skinless and raw under its motley jacket." To most normal people the personality which Mr. Powys describes will appear a bundle of contradictions, and he describes it with such extraordinary candor that a reviewer can only represent him with discretion. Proud and humble, sceptical and superstitious; idealistic and with an active conscience, yet empty of what are usually called morals; a mess of radicalisms and conservatisms, the latest and the oldest; wise in his own way, yet he calls himself half crazy, "I know that I am never wholly sane"; full of affections and compassions, yet he calls himself heartless; hating cruelty with ferocity and loathing, yet he calls himself a "sadist." His constitution is iron, and there is a gnawing disease in his vitals. Impulses, appetites, vices, obsessions, manias, repugnances, aspirations, and innumerable vagaries plunge about, yet the personality containing them is definite and persistent.

This is no weakling. It must be a strong man who can carry all that violent baggage for sixty years and not go to pieces, in fact at sixty years be going better than ever. You cannot reason with a man who in one paragraph is candidly aware that his manias are what they are, and in the next paragraph is riding one of them with emphatic conviction. You may find him delightful, but not reasonable. His philosophy of life is an expression of his temperament, and his temperament is more heterogeneous than most. It would be easy (it probably will be done by some or many readers) to put together out of this book

JOHN COWPER POWYS

a picture of John Cowper Powys that would be a horror to the well behaved and pitiable to the well balanced. But the picture would be wrong. He is imaginative and high strung, and everything in extremes. Consistency knows him not, and he is telling it all, or trying to. He writes as he lectures, voluble and emphatic. "I am a born actor," he says, and he acts to himself as audience, for the enjoyment of the sensation. He is sensitive and sensational, energetic and tireless. His mysticism and idealism may be medieval or primitive, but they are genuine. Maybe all these things ought not to be inside the same skin, but there they are; at least Mr. Powys says they are, and why should one question it?

The Autobiography is more about Powys's temperament than about the outward events of his life. The successive chapters are named from the places where the author was in successive periods, but a good part of their contents might be interchanged. It is a discursive book with hardly a date in it. Curiously enough, the vivid and interpretative portraits that abound in it are all of men. Not a woman's name is mentioned in the whole book, except one or two casually. The omission is intentional, resolute, and regrettable, inasmuch as it sets in a masculine world a man to whom the other sex was of enormous importance. This philosophy of life, if there is unity enough to call it such, is Freudian and romantic. It asserts the predominant value of the emotional and instinctive life over the mental and conscious. The ecstatic lover, and the medieval monk struggling for heaven and clutched by hell, are living the good life, for they are living from the deeps in themselves. Those who are all for logic and science, or for business and the bustling world, and contented therewith, are living a poor life, meagre, superficial. An "Age of Reason" is a dry age. Conscious cerebration is a thin film of vegetation between the sun and the sunless depths.

> American men [Mr. Powys says] are tragic, without knowing they are tragic. They are tragic by reason of the desolate thinness and forlorn narrowness of their sensual mystical contacts. Mysticism and sensuality are the things that most of all redeem life—I am the Quixotic champion of the immoral against the moral, of the religious against the conventional, of the poetical against the worldly, of happiness against success.

Of Arnold's "think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well," it is the "feel deep" which he preaches. "What I really did was to bring to these victims of the unbelievable 'Wasteland' the healing sense that all the noble spirits of antiquity and the middle ages were on their side—assuring them that they might bow down as low as they pleased in the House of Rimmon, as long as in secret they served the true God." In reply to this protestant against the "Wasteland" of cerebration, against the "brutality of the normal," the normal person will cerebrate something as follows: Conscious cerebration may be a thin film, but it is what distinguishes a man from a brute. He is a man by the size of his brain, not by the vast background of his blind instincts. Secondly, it is the normal which gives every form of life its solidity and endurance. If there is no change or progress without variations, there is no continuance without the type. A world all variations would be chaos. The normal is apt to be oppressive and tyrannical to the variations, and the variations are irritating to the norm. That is the way the world is made. There is therefore room in that world for the rebels, the eccentrics, however sensational or shocking. It is good for us to be shocked. But for the most part we will continue to be normal, and to believe that cool thinking and a busy life are good also for most of us. Normal people are usually more sensual than mystical or imaginative, but there is nothing abnormal about either.

The impression was general some years ago, and I shared it, that Llewellyn Powys was the best writer of the three Powys brothers who wrote. The volume of essays by the oldest brother seemed to smell of the lecture platform, and the "Philosophy of Solitude" as well. It was wandering, voluble, and on the whole thin. But he suddenly left the platform, and wrote two long novels, both of which seemed beyond the reach of the other two brothers. Both "Wolf Solent" and "A Glastonbury Romance" are shocking enough, if anyone can be shocked nowadays, but they are also unexpected, for they create characters, and the creation of characters in the nineteenth century sense is almost a lost art. The people in them are solid, rememberable, and alive. Mr. Powys was for some twenty-five years one of the most popular and stimulating lecturers in this country. Nobody else was quite like him. On the platform he was eloquent, dramatic, excited, all foam and fury. He looked, someone has said, like "a highly civilized savage," and however unsophisticated his audience he "never talked down" to them. He seems to have required no particular preparation for a particular lecture. He could lecture on anything, but generally it was on literature. He undoubtedly did a great deal of good, and I doubt if he did any harm. But I think it regrettable for literature that he was not a novelist from the beginning, and I think him the most remarkable man of a remarkable family, and probably the most peculiar.

Dead Letters

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. By Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride. 1934. $2.50.

MR. BRANCH CABELL—all that is left to us of James Branch Cabell—is devoting those years which he himself declared to be declining, to the carving of cherrystones, the cultivation of cattishness, and the paying off of old grudges. It is these latter pursuits which give to some pages of "Ladies and Gentlemen" an incidental interest which is unfortunately wanting in the book's essence. For "Ladies and Gentlemen" is like one of those intolerable medieval collections of which Chaucer's "Monk's Tale" is thought by some scholars to be an intentional burlesque; those collections which started with a platitude such as "Fortune is fickle" and related innumerable instances to prove it, no doubt to the entire conviction if not the entertainment of their readers. The theorem to which this book is dedicated is that fame is deceitful; and the demonstration takes the form of letters to a number of dead and famous persons, telling them what their reputation is today, and also informing them of the actual circumstances of their lives, though it is to be supposed that the recipients of the letters know more about these than the writer.

The first of these letters is to Penelope. It assures her that she is not a romantic figure, making in so many words the surprising declaration that "the tale has not yet been appraised as being what it actually is—as the history of a man's strong and all-surmounting love for his own wife, and as a large parable of the average, because successful, marriage"—surprising because Mr. Chesterton has written an ecstatic essay on this theme. The next letter demonstrates that we know little of Tutankhamen's personality. Others declare that Dr. Faustus was moved by a passion for knowledge, that the original stories of Timon, Hamlet, and Falstaff are different from those given in Marlowe and Shakespeare and so on.

There is, however, a certain interest in the pertinacious spitefulness displayed in the book. It is true that there is nothing here to match the unprovoked rudeness and the oblique felinity of the letter about the Vicar of Abingdon in "Special Delivery"; still, the dedication here is sufficiently remarkable. The author reminds Mr. Richard Glaenzer that in 1904 Mr. Glaenzer publicly derided "young Cabell's ephemeralities"; now with this dedication he heaps coals of fire on the head he pillories, saying that he has forgiven the slight, and showing that he has not forgotten it. It is an astonishing and a melancholy thing that any man should wish to present himself to the world in such a character.

From the Inside Out

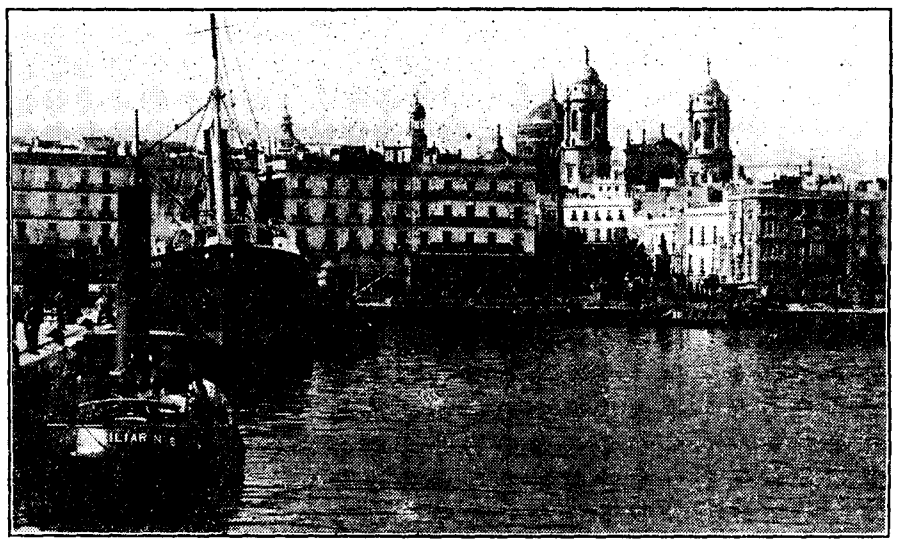
SOUTH TO CADIZ. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

ADMIRERS of H. M. Tomlinson's "Tidemarks" and "The Sea and the Jungle" are certain to find pleasure and edification in this book, which is supposed to be about Spain and which is really about Mr. Tomlinson. The twin pleasures of contact with one of the finest of contemporary prose styles and with a charming spirit are to be had in every page of the present volume, and taken at this valuation, it deserves recommendation.

It is unfortunate, however, that the writer of the blurb mistook Mr. Tomlinson's musings and meditations for a satisfactory book about Spain and was led so completely astray as to write the extravagant, not to say slightly idiotic, sentence: "The reader will close the covers of 'South to Cadiz' with the feeling that never again need anyone write about Spain."

Like many another traveler, Mr. Tomlinson did not go to Spain to write about



THE QUAY AT CADIZ

From a card mailed at Cadiz by H. M. Tomlinson.

Spain, but fled familiar scenes in order to have a rest and think things over, and so his book is written from the inside out. Aside from a few delightfully phrased observations about the antiquity and stability of the fundamental Spain, there is little or nothing in the book about the country that is of any importance.

The genesis of the book was a journey the author took with three companions at the time when the Economic Conference was going on in London. They crossed the Spanish border at Irun and went on down to Madrid, making bus trips later to Toledo and the Escorial, through La Mancha to Cordova and Sevilla, to Jerez de la Frontera, and finally to Cadiz, with a few other less important stops.

What they learned in this flying trip is about what might be expected; most of it is in Baedeker, or may be gathered from guide books or even the most superficial observation; it is only when Mr. Tomlinson begins to reflect upon life and upon our own times that there is pleasure in what he is saying as well as in the way he says it. Of the New Spain, which is having such a hard time being born, there is very little, except some amusing notes about the paradoxical attitude of the peasants toward the church, and of the general good humor of the people about the revolution.

Included in the book are two additional essays, one on world-travel, which is agreeable without being of any particular originality, and "The Road to Concord." In the latter Mr. Tomlinson approves of Thoreau and Emerson, and instead of agreeing with the remark of Shaw on his visit to this country, that within a century every writer of the Concord Group and his work would be wholly forgotten, Mr. Tomlinson believes they are bound to live, as quickeners of the spirit.

This, of course, brands our author as old-fashioned, and so he is, in exactly the way that warms many of us to him and his work.

Herschel Brickell, literary editor of the New York Evening Post, *has spent much time in Spain.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY..... *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 19.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1934, *Saturday Review Co., Inc.*

Blurbing

A recent visitor from a trans-Atlantic country which need not be specified, remarked that when the true history of his nation's modern literature should be written it would be found that good liquor had played an important role. The men of sense and penetration whose criticism had pointed the post-war writers toward real success, the men who knew a good book when they saw it and recognized tripe as tripe, had been as hearty in their drinking as in their thinking. Good liquor took up time that might have been given to the shepherding of literature toward worthy achievement; and while their attention was distracted, the lean and fanatic intellectual, the freakish esthete, and the soft-minded blurber took charge of criticism, with results that the historian must record.

We venture no opinion upon the truth of this explanation of how blurbing reached its present height abroad, but certainly no such simple story will account for the recent renaissance of the blurb in America.

What is blurbing? It must be defined under three heads for there are three kinds of blurbing.

The first is the amiable but dangerous enthusiasm of the good-natured journalist who is not so much a critic as a back-slapper of books. His blurbing is the slop-over of the molasses jug. It is the honest effusion of an uncritical enthusiast who cheers every time his side takes the ball.

The second kind of blurbing is equally uncritical, equally honest, but the result of ignorance rather than enthusiasm. For such a reviewer literature began in 1920, and the library in his mind would go on a single shelf. Everything newly published is new to him, so he marvels at tricks of characterization that were first invented in Grub Street, and plots that the Egyptians told to the Greeks. He cannot distinguish between originality and clever imitation and so distributes his superlatives among both the just and the unjust, and praises every book that meets his own standards, which are based on his last year's reading.

The third category of blurbing is identical with that advertising of commodities which used to be common and is now beginning to reappear. This blurber knows what he is about. His intention is to promote the book by the old trick of describing it in terms of what he knows the reader wants. He is not a critic at all, nor an appreciator, but a clever psychologist who would sell the Bible as a detective story, or a detective story as the Bible if he thought he could get away with it.

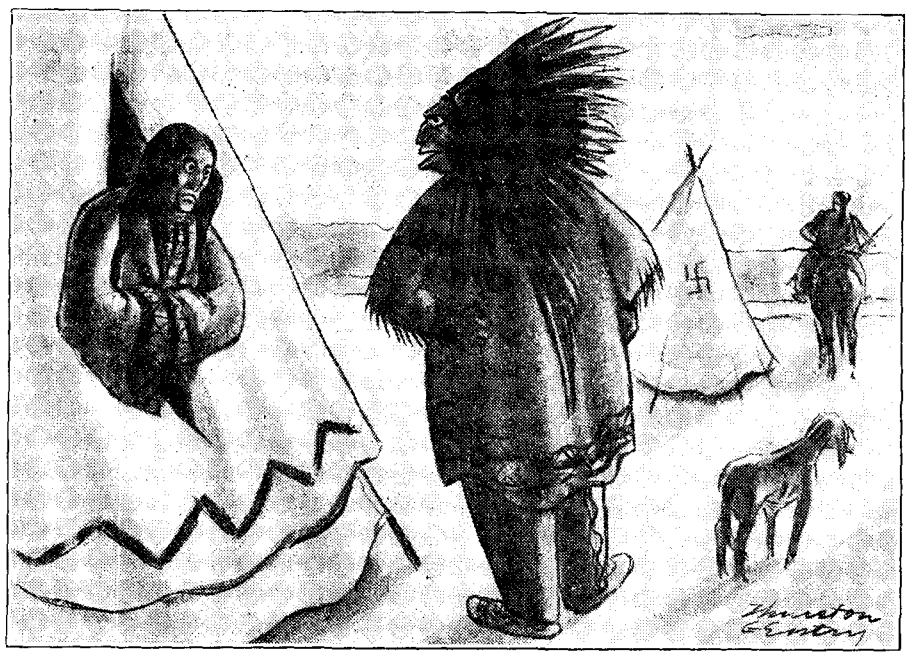
It is only fair to say emphatically that this last type of blurbing grows increasingly rare in the United States. On the other hand, the first varieties are spreading with annoying rapidity, as any reader of reviews, or of advertisements where blurbs are herded for breeding purposes, will testify.

The cause, we believe, is neither a lack of trained reviewers nor any conscious will to debase literary criticism, but simply and solely hard times. It has not been easy to sell books in the last few years. Good books as well as mediocre books have suffered because the American public does not take naturally to book reading, and must be sold books, just as, apparently, they must be sold life insurance and health protection. The temptation to go easy on new books has been strong, and this has pushed the kind-hearted, standardless reviewers to the first page.

It is, we believe, bad business, bad for the public, bad for books. When too many books are praised extravagantly, the reader who seeks advice is bewildered, becomes skeptical, and risks his money on few or none. He is offered a syllogism—

All books reviewed in our paper are good books
This book is reviewed in our paper
This is a good book—

of which he believes only the middle term. He is told, in effect, by the reviewers to buy everything. He is offered a department store when what he wants is an exclusive specialty shop in which he can buy what he needs with some assurance that quantity has been eliminated and quality tested before it goes on the counter.



"HEY, ROAN HORSE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RETURN MY COPY OF 'NEW FRONTIERS'?"

Letters to the Editor: *New Deals for Old; Saints and Landscapes*

Two Points for Secretary Ickes

SIR:—I am hanging on one of the proverbial horns of a dilemma. Perhaps you will be kind enough to enlighten me. Here is the problem.

Is it not essential that a reviewer understand at least the bare fundamentals of the subject reviewed? This query is prompted by Mr. Guido Pantaleoni's review of Secretary Harold L. Ickes's book—"The New Democracy"—in your issue of November 3d. The estimable Secretary of the Interior is quoted as saying that our ruggedly individualistic business men came to Washington in March, 1933, with hat in hand "and begged the strong man in the White House to save them from themselves. They knew," declares the author, "that they had failed to meet the test."

In declaring his personal objection to this encomium of the New Deal, Mr. Pantaleoni delivers the following broadside: "The truth of the matter is that the Anti-Trust Laws had prevented business men from solving the problem along the same lines now suggested for solution by the Government itself. Whom else could one appeal to except the Government either to remove these prohibitions (which was in fact the appeal made) or, if the Government had not the courage to do that, then that the Government take the reins itself?"

I note that Mr. Pantaleoni is a lawyer. Now a shrewd lawyer never knowingly serves a ball that can be returned to his side of the net—if he can help himself. Alas, even the skilled player at times may be a bit off his game. Mr. Pantaleoni, if he had no more than dabbled in economics, should know that a Rugged Individualist—if he be consistent—must believe blindly in the free and open competition of laissez faire (otherwise he is neither rugged nor individual), and that any restrictions upon individual initiative such as combinations in restraint of trade are the devil's own inventions. We are bound to conclude, therefore, that these Rugged Individualists who appealed in time of stress for an abatement of competition, had forsaken their guiding principle in favor of a wishy-washy planned economy, or, they never believed in it in the first place—for themselves.

Once more we find the reviewer offering a rather interesting though contradictory criticism. He says: ". . . And so we have the NRA devoted more and more to but one cause, that of raising wages and shortening hours so as to increase purchasing power and at the same time *reduce what there is to purchase.*"

Now, economists term the limitation of production to purchasing power rather than to use and need the Doctrine of Scarcity. And this doctrine of scarcity is the guiding principle of the Old Deal as well as the New. So, we have the paradox of an advocate of the Old Deal criticising the New Deal because the New Deal adopts the doctrine from which the Old Deal draws its greatest inspiration—if the profit motive may be termed a great inspiration. Mr. Pantaleoni need not mind. Many prominent spokesmen in behalf of the Old Deal have made this rather amusing error and still persist in it. The reviewer of Mr. Ickes's book travels in distinguished company.

Mr. Pantaleoni as a protagonist of the Old Deal might be interested in this homely analogy as he pursues his explorations into economic fields, and I hope he may find a happier landing than he made on November 3d. Most of us, when we were boys, played a game called "Sucker Last." One of the group would shout, "Sucker last over the fence," and everybody tried to be first, second or third—but never last. After a few attempts at being first, and rarely succeeding, I noticed that the fellow who yelled "Sucker Last" always stood nearest to the fence.

JOHN S. BARLOW.

Jersey City, N. J.

Saint Theresa as a Tree

SIR:—You have done the world a service in printing the article by Gertrude Stein, "Plays and Landscapes." When I was younger, I used to play question games, and one of the queries which we could never answer was "When is a saint not a saint?" Now Miss Stein (laus deo!) has given us an inkling of the answer.

"In Four Saints I made the Saints the landscape." In gratefulness I append the following verse, born in tranquillity and recollected in emotion.

I thought that I should never see
Saint Theresa as a tree;—
A saint, who lifts her arms to pray,
Transformed into a pile of hay.
Other saints the landscape fill—
Now a barn and then a hill:
What silly pseudo-mental flip!
A landscaped saint gives me the pip.

Perhaps this could be set to music?

GUSSIE CHOLMONDELY-TINKLEPAUGH.

Rochester, N. Y.

On the Dismemberment of "Tess"

SIR:—The first advertisement of "The Early Life of Thomas Hardy" (Macmillan, 1928) appeared, I think, in *The Saturday Review* for November 10, 1928. Your review of this book, written by Desmond MacCarthy, appeared three weeks later (December 1st). In this review, and in all the by-this-time numerous successors thereof, I have seen no mention made and no notice taken of a curious error found on the last page of Mrs. Hardy's biography. It is there stated that in 1891 "the *Graphic* refused to print the chapter describing the christening of the infant child" of the heroine of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and that this chapter "appeared in Henley's *Scots Observer.*" This is not accurate.

What actually happened was this: Hardy had removed "the infant child" of Tess from his story, before submitting to the editor of the *Graphic* the manuscript which he had revised after it had been twice returned to him by other editors. The chapter "describing the christening" did *not* afterwards appear in Henley's *Scots Observer,* for it had already appeared elsewhere,—in fact it was the first fragment of "Tess" to get into print,—in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1891 (n.s. 49: 695-701). This amputated chapter was there entitled "The Midnight Baptism: a Study in Christianity." This baptismal episode had been in print two months before the *Graphic* began its serial publication of "Tess."

The confusion with Henley's *Scots Observer* is probably explained by the fact that the *National Observer,* in a special literary supplement on November 14, 1891, did print another chapter isolated from the "Tess" manuscript, and called it "Saturday Night in Arcady." It is possible that the *Graphic* may have objected to *this* chapter, for it led up to Tess's seduction. In the serial version this episode was replaced by a sham marriage; and in throwing out the seduction, the author found left on his hands the material used in the "Saturday Night" chapter. Some of this, curiously enough, did not find its way back into the book version of the novel until as recently as 1912.

The manuscript of the novel contains many amusing sheets with the following in bright blue ink:

"* Alterations in blue refer to serial publication only."

CARL J. WEBER.

Colby College
Waterdale, Maine.

John Henry

SIR:—I am interested in preparing a book on the exploits of John Henry, British Agent, in New England, 1809, and his colleague, a Frenchman named Soubiran, alias Count De Crillon.

If your readers have any items or letters (particularly after 1820) that might be of interest in this work, I should appreciate their assistance. I shall of course pay the postage both ways and shall be delighted to acknowledge their aid in the book. Any advice or criticism given to me will be deeply appreciated.

E. W. FLACCUS.

2223 E. Speedway
Tucson, Ariz.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE JASMINE FARM. By ELIZABETH. *Doubleday, Doran.* The sprightly tale of a mother, daughter, and high society.

THE GEORGIAN SCENE. By FRANK SWINNERTON. *Farrar & Rinehart.* A literary panorama.

MY OWN STORY. By MARIE DRESSLER. *Little, Brown.* The life of a noted and much-loved actress.

This Less Recent Book:

HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. By RICHARD HUGHES. *Harpers.* A tale of unconventionalized youth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Realistic Story of an Indian Youth

SUNDOWN. By John Joseph Mathews. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

MR. MATHEWS, himself part Osage and reared on the Osage Reservation, gave good evidence in "Wah 'Kon-Tah" that he could do that rare thing, write about Indians from the inside, and furthermore could make an interesting book of it with real literary value. One waited to see how he would follow up his first successful venture. In the present book he has taken up about where the other left off, a novel of the young Indian with some white blood, fundamentally Osage, bewildered by false values and caught in the devastating flood of gold which swept that mighty nation into the gutter.

But this is no mere historical study in novel form, nor just a literate protest against the foul conquest of a primitive civilization by an advanced barbarism; it is a full, rounded novel in its own right, reflective, at moments beautiful, at moments a little sloppy, carrying the reader with steady interest along its hero's story. In fact, I may do an injustice to "Sundown" by beginning with a statement of Indian themes and problems. The first consideration is that here is a well-written, well-planned, sensitive study of a young man. As such it stands on its own feet. Secondly, the young man is an Osage with one eighth of white blood (as near as I can calculate it) and too much white background for his own good, yet not enough to be useful to him—in this, typical of many. Such a novel, concerned with such a man, must then of necessity be also an unusual study of Indians in contact with whites. Since the writer is skilful, observant, and knows his material well, it is also an excellent literary document on Oklahoma, something to be taken, and enjoyed, as a little salt on Miss Ferber's too gorgeous "Cimarron."

In a few spots, Mr. Mathews's grammar goes to pieces in a manner which suggests that the trouble may be bad proof-reading. He makes a good deal of the break-up of the Reservation and mentions various differences of opinion concerning allotment and oil leases, without giving the reader much, if any idea of what these signify, nor of what effects they produce. To one unfamiliar with the Osage's story, this should be extra confusing. I have some acquaintance with it in an academic way and found that part of the book somewhat so. One feels also, that the case has been possibly overstated when not a single attractive, or even reasonably decent, white American crosses the pages of the book.

Regardless of these faults, it is a relief to read a "sectional" novel of full realism, depicting oil towns, reservations, the state University, training camps, and so much else with remorseless conviction while giving one no sense of mere dirt-piling or of that fear of beauty which frustrates so many so-called realistic writers.

Most Americans do not realize in what a large part of this country Indians and whites are intermingled, nor have they any idea of the amazing, often grotesque effects of this contact on daily life, on politics, on morals and thought in every form. When thinking of Indians at all, we tend to visualize the old-time, independent hostiles, or the relatively remote and untouched tribes of the Southwest in whose stories, even today, but a few white men would appear. Mr. Mathews has turned to those others whose lives are twined in with cities and whole states, and in so doing has tapped for the first time a rich vein in the resources of our literature.

Oliver La Farge, author of "Laughing Boy," a novel of Indian life, is an anthropologist at present carrying on his work in New Mexico.

Mother and Daughter

THE JASMINE FARM. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

ANYONE who has read the earlier novels of "Elizabeth" knows that certain things can be expected of all her writing—cleverness, malice, and adroit situations. "The Jasmine Farm" opens with a hilarious scene, hilarious for the reader, at least, though it is the very absence of all enjoyment for its actors that lends to the episode its amusing character. Never was that English staple, gooseberries, used to better advantage than in the description of the dire effect that a diet of them during the days of a hot week-end had on Lady Midhurst's disgruntled guests.

Something certainly was profoundly wrong with Lady Midhurst's party, and that a party should not run smoothly for the lovely Daisy, so sweet, so gentle, so beautiful despite her fifty odd years, so impeccable in her morals that merely to be seen in her home was to secure the stamp of sterling conduct, was enough of itself to cast dismay into the hearts of her friends. Poor Daisy! It was merely a suspicion that her serene young daughter might be in some way involved with the rather prosaic husband of a beautiful young thing who had no brains but plenty of appeal that was enough to destroy her calm, so that she fed her guests on gooseberries unintermittently; the discovery that her suspicion was true was enough to send her into exile at Jasmine Farm on the Riviera.

Elizabeth's readers will certainly not need to be told that with such material she has spun an engaging and clever yarn. It is all of that and at times more, but nevertheless it is a disappointment. In this story of two opposing sets of mothers and daughters, the wealthy, cultured, perfectly poised pair whose position in the world is secure and every act of concern to polite society, and the worldly, designing woman whose efforts to secure through the beauty of her daughter the place and material comforts which were not theirs, the characters fail to come to life, and the drama to take on more than entertainment value. Indeed, the story is hardly more than farce, excellent farce at times, rather overplayed farce when the situations are too much prolonged. There are pages in the second half of the book, descriptions of "Jasmine Farm," quite as lovely and beguiling as anything in "The Enchanted April," and occasional moments of characterization throughout as sharp and ruthless as in "Vera," but as a whole the story is a much slighter performance than either. However, it makes most entertaining reading, and why ask for more? Only because Elizabeth at her best is so much the genuine satirist that it is hard for her admirers to have to see her comedy decline to farce.

Urchin of Seven

LITTLE ORVIE. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BY "Penrod" and by "Seventeen," and by other books, we came to know that Booth Tarkington possessed an almost uncanny faculty for observing children and young people, for penetrating into their states of mind and presenting with a humor that was really a profound understanding of developing human nature the outward and visible signs of those states of mind; their instinctive ways of acting, the temporary worlds they live in. Now Mr. Tarkington gives us a study of an even younger child, a small boy named Orvard Stone, "a large-headed, partly toothless little boy not yet eight years old," whose more familiar appellation is "Little Orvie."

"Little Orvie" is an extremely real little boy, one whom his parents naturally loved and hardly knew how to deal with, one who led a constantly active existence that as constantly got him into trouble of some kind or other. Mr. Tarkington knows practically everything about him and I have found the book intensely amusing, rising to a truly superb height in the hero's acquisition of the mongrel pup, "Good ole Ralphie," and the shifts he is put to to hide "Good ole Ralphie's" presence from his parents. This is also a genuinely moving section, owing to the intensity of Orvie's feeling for Ralphie; whereas his dramatic adventure with a former "Ralphie," of considerably larger growth, which he attempted to capture because his ruling passion was to own a dog, is chiefly hilarious. But these dog experiences are only a few of the things that happen to Orvie. The strange growth of his love for a little red-haired girl named Patsy Balliser is another. So is his horrible adventure with the even younger insanity of the startling individual known as "Boydie-Boy," the only individual, it would seem, that ever really defeated "Little Orvie." Among the rest of Little Orvie's coevals shines resplendent the excruciating Little Marie from Kansas City, who looked like an angel and recited at large. There are also the cousins, Freddie and Babe. There is the spectacle of "Little Orvie" dressed up as a Rain Drop. There is his dire experience with the strawberry ice cream and angel cake. There is the pursuit of Freddie and "Little Orvie" after what happened to the engraved glass of Mrs. Welty's front door. There is the time the latter locked fat Uncle Henry and Mr. Archibald from Buffalo in the cellar. There is the awful visit to Doctor Coombes. And so on.

You can't criticize Mr. Tarkington's style, because it is perfection for this kind of thing. You can't criticize his observation of small children because it is full of details so ravishing as utterly to convince of their truth. The conversation of these youngsters is just as it must have emerged from their own mouths. The only thing I could possibly object to would be that there is toward the end rather a little too much of childhood's excited running around shouting "Look at me! Look how *I* do!" Enough is enough.

One could quote to advantage from almost any page to convince the reader that he needs this work of fiction, which is really an inspired transcript of actual life, to cherish on his own bookshelves, and to dip into from time to time with gratified

yelps of recognition, with "tears of recognition never dry."

The American child will never have a more thoroughly observant or understanding chronicler than Booth Tarkington. The things that happen to "Little Orvie" are the things that would happen. And we are delighted to leave him at the end with his arms full of pups and the farewell of Little Marie from Kansas City, from the departing taxicab, unheard in the running-over of his cup of bliss:

"G'by, little Orvie! G'by, dirty bad ole pig!"

The crackling of thorns under a pot could not disturb "Little Orvie" then.

Bluebeard Goes to Wuthering Heights

THE DARK ISLAND. By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS novel begins: "Mr. and Mrs. Wilson took their children away every year to the same place for their summer holiday. That habit began the trouble which ended in two persons losing their lives and in one criminal receiving an expression of sympathy from the coroner instead of a sentence of death from the judge." In these opening sentences Miss Sackville-West faces the frankly melodramatic nature of her material; and as we read on we find that this is a book whose general outline (however much less successful) carries an irresistible reminder of "Wuthering Heights": a story of inhuman emotions, sharpened to the murderous point by a savagely fascinating landscape. The landscape here is that of Storn, an island evidently meant to suggest those Channel Islands which owed allegiance to George V as Duke of Normandy, and whose owners are still medieval seigneurs.

The Wilsons always spent their summers on the mainland within view of the island, and their daughter Shirin (who for some not very clear reason is extraordinarily self-contained and secret) comes under the spell of its appearance. When she is sixteen she meets the young heir of Storn, Venn le Breton, and almost in spite of himself he sulkily shows her the island, the castle, and Andromeda's cave, with the fetters where a wicked ancestor chained his wife. When she is twenty-six she again meets Venn, now Sir Venn, in London, and he marries her, but Storn comes between them; each is jealous of the other's share of Storn. When she is thirty-six this reaches such a point that Sir Venn chains her to the fetters in Andromeda's cave and flogs her. And so the book comes to the promised and fatal tragedy, when Shirin is forty-six.

It will be seen that this is the story of a sadist (for Sir Venn is throughout a more interesting figure than Shirin, just as Count Dracula is more interesting than the forgotten ingenues whose throats he sucked). This is a prickly theme that demands the firmest handling; and it is here that, in spite of many fine scenes, Miss Sackville-West has failed. There are two possible treatments; there is the traditional one, which runs from the folk-tales,

DRAWINGS ON THIS PAGE BY GEORGE BREHM
From Booth Tarkington's "Little Orvie."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bluebeard," or the far more horrible English version, "Mr. Fox," all the way up to "Wuthering Heights," in which the passion for cruelty is regarded romantically as something altogether monstrous. Or there is or might be the comprehending treatment, which should render the sadist understandable, relate his cancerous hypertrophy to its normal analogue, which might, if it were a work of genius, illuminate its cause.

Miss Sackville-West appears to have attempted the second, more ambitious course, abandoned it for the other, and returned to it hastily near the end, and then left it again. The first meeting between Venn and Shirin is an amazingly fine and human scene. We enter fully into the heart of Venn, the sullen schoolboy, who is still at the age when his instinct toward girls is to bully them; we comprehend the reluctant growth in him of tenderness for Shirin, and then see the return of the bullying impulse, with something new and dangerous added. All this is wonderfully well done, and we hope for a sympathetic treatment of the subject. But then the curtain falls, and when it rises again we are in London, and Shirin has inexplicably been married and divorced and become notorious for her lovers. This method of telling the story in scenes at ten-year intervals, however suitable to a romance to be read, like some manuscript in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by flashes of lightning, is hopeless for the unfolding of character. We prepare ourselves for the satisfactions of romance (though a reference to "the Anquetil girl," a character in one of Miss Sackville-West's other and very different books, is almost as startling as if Heathcliff had turned out to know Emma Woodhouse). Along the lines of romance the book develops, until just before the end, when the author huddles into two pages of explanation his analysis of Venn's possessiveness as resulting from his grandparents' influence on his childhood. But it is too late; the Wicked Baronet cannot at this stage be made a sympathetic fellow-sinner with ourselves. After all the author falls back on her *genius loci*, and closes with a scene showing Sir Venn's son anxious to exclude his mother from Storn, as Sir Venn had wished to exclude his wife. This alternative might be possible, though confused with the other, but for it we must feel the sinister island as Emily Brontë felt the moors; and the atmosphere of Storn as we have it is far too weak to inspire a murder. We know the appearance of the yew terrace and Andromeda's cave, and that the Le Bretons have held it for centuries; and that is all. We know more of Castle Dracula than that.

It goes without saying that a book by the author of "The Edwardians" is ably written, that every part of it, taken singly, is good, and that it holds the interest in spite of loose threads at the beginning. But it holds the interest only to disappoint it; the new "Wuthering Heights" is still unwritten, and the self-tormenting sadist still awaits his genius.

The *Otago*, a small sailing-ship which Joseph Conrad once commanded, was recently scuttled—that is, sunk as useless even for breaking up. The *Otago* figures in Conrad's books, "The Mirror of the Sea," "Falk," and "The Shadow Line."

The Portrait of a City

METROPOLIS: An American City in Photographs. Assembled by Agnes Rogers, with running comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT DISRAELI

THIS book pictures by means of photographs twenty-four hours of city life. We see the transportation systems, people at work and at home, amusing themselves and eating, children at play, women shopping, and the constant activities of a gregarious multitude. At night we see places of amusement in action, night clubs and dance halls in full swing; and then, finally, only the policeman watching the deserted streets and avenues.

"Metropolis" is the first complete attempt to show a contemporary American city in photographic form. It has a plan which was laid down before any pictures were made; it has a story and even suspense. All these factors are to be highly commended in the first serious native attempt to describe pictorially the social and economic life of a group of people.

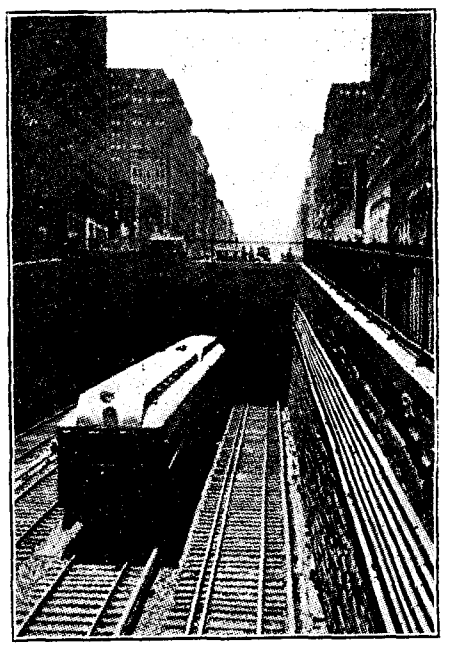
The authors in their introduction state: "We decided to take it (New York) as our subject; emphasizing as far as possible, however, those qualities which are common to large American cities," and further: "Needless to say, everybody who looks at the book will probably feel that there are unfortunate omissions in it; for no two people would agree as to what a study of a great city should contain, or where the emphasis should fall."

As we carefully look at the book and read its captions, the impression is conveyed to us that this city and its inhabitants are photographed and seen from a commuter's viewpoint, that of Mr. Roberts of Scarsdale, who is a character in the story of "Metropolis." He gives us not an objective study of the sociological and economic functions of a gigantic organism, but only that which his narrow angle of vision sees and in which he emotionally participates. He shows us this city not only from his viewpoint, but also in many particulars with a lack of the knowledge of camera technique. Photographs picturing our contemporary life when viewed singly state their contents clearly and objectively, but when two or more such photographs are assembled together they will immediately express the social and economic bias of the assembler. Mr. Roberts, our Scarsdale resident, shows us with great pride, and in a large space, his transportation system (railroad commuting) but devotes much smaller space to the subway system, which after all is more important. The elevated train system is shown by a storage yard photo and not by a view of the hundreds of thousands that crowd, every morning, into these trains in the upper regions of the city.

A large picture of beer barrels and three small, and not very expressive, photographs of milk, eggs, and ice deliveries are supposed to show the morning delivery of foodstuffs in a metropolis. A man letting down the awning in front of a bookstore expresses the opening of stores. The only picture of grocery and food stores is a lifeless street scene in Astoria. Not an indication that there are swarming thousands each morning entering office and factory buildings. The emphasis of shopping pictures is on the automobile trade. Where are the pictures showing shopping at the five and ten chains, the huge department stores, and the thousands of small retails shops that do the bulk of the business?

This records only a very small part of the vital omissions in the book. The pictures do not for the most part represent a typical metropolis. In many places an undue importance is given to a picture because it is pretty; and not because the size bears any relation to the importance of its content.

There are four sources from which most of the photographs of "Metropolis" were drawn: Frederick Bradley; newspaper photographs; a group consisting of pictures from industrial companies, settlement houses, and other photographers;



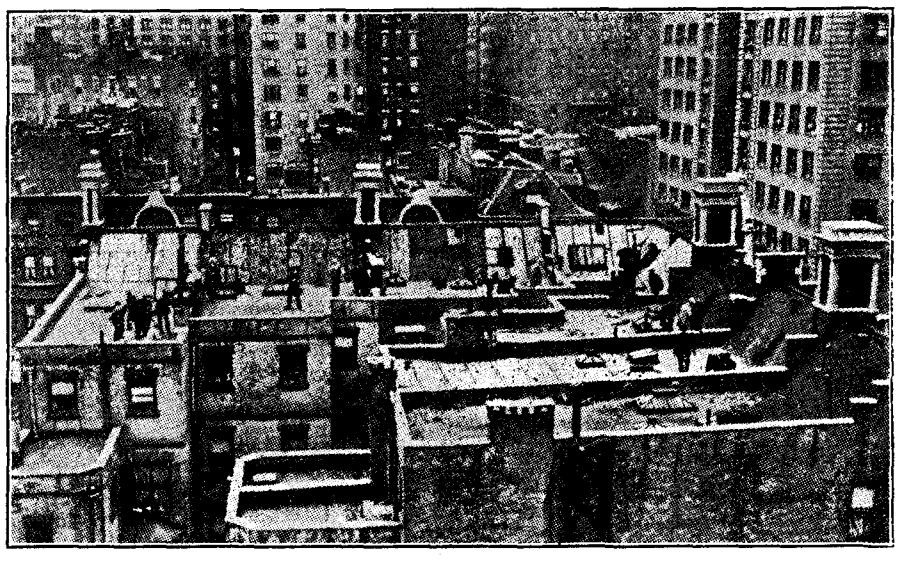
THE SUBURBAN TRAIN ROARS INTO THE PARK AVENUE TUNNEL
From "Metropolis."

and the fourth and largest group of photographs made especially for this book by Edward M. Weyer.

Mr. Bradley's photographs are very good, some indeed are excellent, and while several of them have been used in the wrong places in the book, that is not his fault. The newspaper photographs are, as expected, of exceptional clarity and usually of exciting interest. Bonney Powell of the Fox Movietone News contributed a number of very good pictures; those of the early morning sun on skyscraper walls are fine. The industrial pictures are records of machinery and show no feeling of life, of people, and machines at work. The settlement house pictures of slum flats again are typical commercial photographs.

The photographs by Mr. Edward M. Weyer which constitute the major portion of the book are sadly lacking for the most part in the elements of good photography. There is very little feeling for tonal quality in these pictures. The angle of view in many cases could have been shifted, thereby improving the perspective of the photographs. Others seem to have been incorrectly focussed, their depth losing sharpness very quickly. Again a few look as if they had been enlarged to such an extent that they lost clarity. The importance of the backgrounds of a number of photographs was not sufficiently recognized, so that in printing they have been lost in a gray fog. Moreover, there is very little organization in composition, or of angles and time in the material that was photographed. To express a city in photographs one must feel it so intimately that that feeling can be transmitted to the viewer. This arduous task requires more than the shooting of the more obvious scenes. The mood of a city cannot be captured by simply photographing the city. That is the last thing to be done. The right day, the right moment, and the right angle for shooting a scene come only with the most intimate experience of the city. A city has rhythm, and this rhythmic quality must be expressed not only in the photographs, but also in their assembling.

It is unfortunate that the excellence of the plan of "Metropolis" was not equaled by its execution. Yet we realize that "Metropolis" is a noble pioneer; even pioneers who have failed can be honored.



THE SIEGE OF TWO-GUN CROWLEY IN WEST NINETIETH STREET
Wide World *photo, from "Metropolis."*

Luigi Pirandello

(*Continued from first page*)

ously, not insisted upon. If you stretch the hand to seize it, that last reality also, the truth of the heart, vanishes in thin air.

He staged in each short story the tragic farce of life with the quick resources of a conjuror: a huddle of vain events, then curtain and *nihil*. His invention was inexhaustible, and he wrote some hundreds of stories; you have one to read each day of the year (*Novelle per un anno*), including Sundays. Many are perfectly ravishing in the purposeless vehemence of the plots; ceaselessly excited, and yet structurally balanced. The expert of old Italian literature is recognizable in the preference given to the intrigues over the characters; he does not care very much about accurate portraiture or hair-splitting psychology; he stays much nearer to a Bandello than to a Maupassant or a Chekov.

He also wrote several novels; but the bag was too large for the pipe. The best known is "The Late Mattia Pascal," in which a wooden Atlas, a petty bourgeois, bears on his shoulders a world too heavy for him—the problem of personality.

In the midst of the great war, Pirandello, already grey-bearded, and solitary among pine trees in suburban Rome, was approaching the threshold of old age, in the common opinion, a very remarkable second rate author. His rather careless writing did not appeal to the literati, and the dryness of his despair discouraged the sensitive reader; altogether, an unfulfilled promise.

Then came a call from Sicily: a playwright, an actor who wanted his contribution to the dialectal theatre. That was an adventure for Professor Pirandello, sitting in his armchair. So it began. He touched the soil of his native island, and almost overnight, without ever having been a fully acknowledged Italian writer, leapt to national and international renown. He conquered Paris, and landed on Broadway. His personal dialectic of nihilism had suddenly flowed into the wide stream of post-war disintegration, and foamed very visibly on the crest of those dark waters.

If nothing is consistent in life, is there at least a consistency in ourselves? Can we rely on an inner centre, on an Ego? Such is the problem of Pirandello's dramaturgy. The answer is negative. There is no such thing as an Ego; the consciousness of the so-called individual is also a stage on which illusions play a tragicomic farce; a carnival; a masquerade—nothing.

The technique of these plays recalls, in its spiritedness, the Commedia dell'Arte, or the Sosias and other comedies of errors.

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

The characters are just hangers in the wardrobe of Illusion; it is sheer impossibility to remember their names. They are the A B X of geometrical theorems—interchangeable. But the tension of the intrigue reaches, in the best of them, a climax of superior frenzy, of artistic furor; and the inedited mixture of logic and madness had an intoxicating, although rather mineral, tang.

That could be thoroughly enjoyed in the gay twenties. Europeans and Americans often regarded him as a quite comic author, and (with the possible exception of Miss Greta Garbo) laughed at his tearless crying. Repetition alone tired them; and he could and cannot help repeating because he means it. He really meant and means going around the world, the hand of Naked Truth in the grip of his own.

His popularity grew fast until some years after "Six Characters in Search of an Author" (1921). Then it remained stationary, in Italy and abroad. Intelligentsia and crowds turned their attention to the riddle of reconstruction; which became more interesting than the puzzle of disintegration. Now the Nobel prize deservedly crowns a representative mind and sound of our era; this loudest trumpet in the intellectual jazz of postwar times.

Pirandello had, and has, a way out of the labyrinth; towards a human, enlightened belief, which, in the unity of human will and purpose, orders the chaos of fragmentary, scattered appearances. Pes-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simism bars him that way. Another exit lay open; leading to the more or less restful haven of conservative or reactionary conformity.

Catholics watched hopefully some tokens in him of homesickness; only he was too nervous to surrender. As for fascism, he joined its ranks in 1924; but never committed himself too much to propaganda. In 1932 Mussolini said to Emil Ludwig: "Pirandello's plays are fascist after all, although he does not know it. They show that we make the world as we like it." Then 1934 came, and Mussolini banned from the theatres an opera, "The Changeling," where Pirandello and his composer Malipiero did not make the world quite as he likes it. Now everything seems smooth again.

So, also Pirandello's politics are inconsistently consistent; another by-plot in the world comedy of errors.

❧ ❧

G. A. Borgese, now on the professorial staff of Smith College, has been actively associated with recent literary movements in his native Italy. He is accounted one of the leading Italian literary critics of the day.

Brilliant Bankruptcy

(*Continued from first page*)

this book; you can't disagree with them because they don't go deep enough. Indeed, Mr. Swinnerton invariably says the right thing: and, while the right thing about writers we haven't read and no longer remember is refreshing and useful, the right thing about writers we know pretty well is merely tedious.

While Mr. Swinnerton accurately describes his twenty-five years' scene, somehow or other he never gives it a shape. He is far too avuncular. From his kindly pages one can merely deduce a shape: the hollow and feverish five pre-war years; the so-called "purgation" of the war, and the curiously dispirited levels of today. This is the sad drama of English literature, and Mr. Swinnerton is too much in the drama to see it as a whole; nor can one see it simply in terms of literature. The reason is not a literary one.

One might put it this way. When a Gladstone, a Salisbury, or even an Asquith was ruling England, then it was easy for the English man of letters either to forget the immediate problems of living altogether, or plunge himself ecstatically into dreams of a new world: having the profound unconscious conviction that, when his dreams of a new world had faded or expired, Gladstone, Salisbury, or Asquith would still be sitting comfortably on top of the old. In English life, the most violent changes have been made by men who did not believe in change; in English literature, the most startling innovations have been the work of innate conversatives. And so when—in post-war England—everything began to dissolve and melt together into some disordered jelly; when the old, comfortable world was given over to such scared and shifty figures as Baldwin and MacDonald; when the institutions that had once been fought against, in the happy belief that they were invincible, began to reel—then the English man of letters lost his grip. In an apparently broken society, he could neither build nor break. He became an Aldous Huxley, or a Noel Coward, or a pacifist; he turned his back on reality. It has often been a wise, and oftener a charming back: but a back is a back, not a face.

Mr. Swinnerton is obviously troubled by this situation, but does his best to ignore it. He cannot see the dilemma of a non-revolutionary literature in a revolutionary age. But he does contend very shrewdly that the new writers are too educated, and that the common man is scarcely heard any more. Perhaps the answer to the problem which haunts "The Georgian Scene" lies there; perhaps from the less educated classes which make up the larger part of that various, resourceful, and (if the word be allowed me) passionate race will come the new great writers. Meanwhile—and this is implicit in the text of "The Georgian Scene"—English literature has competently, and charmingly, and sometimes even brilliantly gone bankrupt.

❧ ❧

George Dangerfield, author of a book on the Bengal Mutiny, is now working in the field of English history in the Edwardian and Georgian periods.

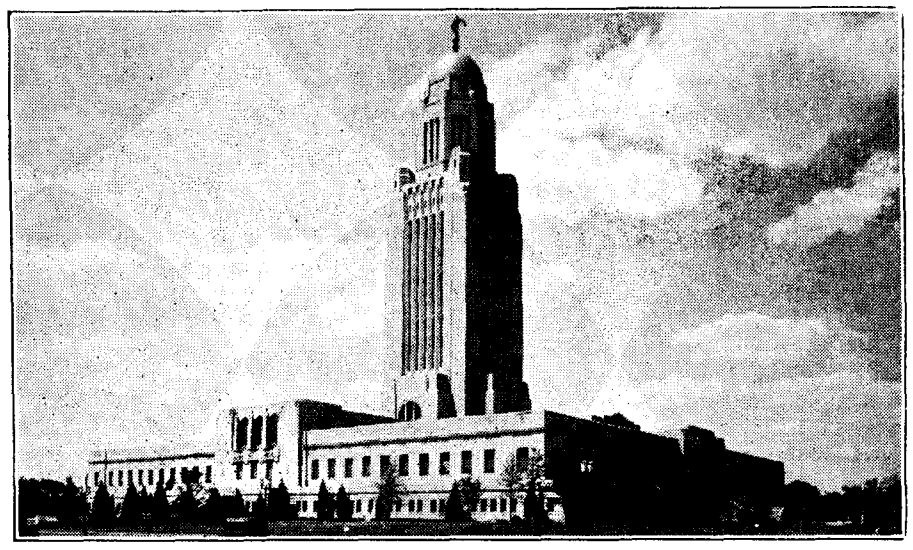
The Bowling Green

Interpolation

(*Continued*)

Iowa-Nebraska, November

I INTENDED to ride coach, but that beautiful club-car at the tail of the *Columbine* seduced me. The wide windows of the observation compartment would give good view of what I privately think of as the Don Marquis Country—west-central Illinois. The old Northwestern Station will always have for me a feeling of sombre foreboding: it was there I took train one night for the unexplored Pacific, while banks were popping like milkweed pods and the country lay prone and supine simultaneously—at the end of February 1933. Some of this melancholy returned upon me as I sat waiting for *Columbine* to pull out. A Chicago chief of detectives was talking on the radio about identifying dead bodies, the morgue, missing persons, and a corpse found floating in the drainage canal. He talked well, and with good sense, but I began to feel more and more like a Missing Person myself. I was homesick, and Long Island seemed a long way off.



NEBRASKA STATE CAPITOL, LINCOLN

But when *Columbine* rolled into the brilliant autumn sunshine a better mood prevailed. Down the track behind us rose in cluster the three tall spires of the Medina, the Tribune Tower, and the Wrigley Building. The Northwestern line approaching Chicago shoots straight at that fine triple landmark just as the Atlantic ship coming in from sea steers for the deep ax-cut of Broadway. Two trainmen were talking about a hobo they had found stealing a ride between two baggage cars. They threw him off. I wondered if this would mean another Missing Person for the detectives. Oh no, he just got a hot foot when he hit the ballast, they said. Everything was all right now: "The signal tower gave me a high-ball," said one. This, I perceived, was not a drink but railroad argot for the all-clear signal. Still I felt something was queer, and at first couldn't identify it. Then I realized: we were running on the left-hand track. Had the engineer gone absent-minded? I was a bit anxious about this. My brakeman, however, reassured me. "We always do on the Northwestern. They say this line was built with English money, and we use the English rule of the road." Excellent symbolism in that, I thought. Even in the most American part of America was this penetration of the old country's tradition. The same is true in literature. At the University of Iowa I found Edwin Ford Piper writing a fine series of sonnets about the Canterbury Pilgrims. Whether among tall buildings or tall corn, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth still travel the highways of our blood. Perhaps the heart of English literature beats on the left-hand side.

And then Long Island didn't seem so far away. The middle belt of Paumanok is precisely a miniature Illinois prairie, lifted a thousand miles East. Except that Long Island hasn't the rivers that surprise one in the middle west. How can they run so fast, with such push of current, in country that looks fairly flat? Though it is not all as flat as supposed. The country between Cedar Rapids and Iowa City, for instance, is beautifully rounded in sweeping dip and rise. The new painting on which Grant Wood is working, "Death on the Ridge Road," uses a sudden dangerous hill as its motif. And Stone City has hills that put even Henry Ford into second gear.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. We're still spinning smoothly through the campagna of Illinois, the white limestone ballast clicking away behind. Here's Wheaton, home of the famous ice-man and football player. Perhaps more than the New Deal football keeps things circulating in the Middle West. At Lincoln they told me that $60,000 had been paid to see the latest game. I don't keep tab on the midland teams and so I got a pleasant surprise. After lunch I fell into a doze: and found my swoon punctuated by allusions to Shakespeare. This seemed reasonable at first, for since the plays at the imitation Old Globe he had been much in my mind; also I knew that Reinhardt was about to produce *Midsummer Night's Dream* in Chicago. But presently the voice became too fantastic. "It's Bill Shakespeare again. He's away: he's in the clear: how that boy can throw them off! What a man! He's got a double reverse that's a lulu." I came to, and found the passengers in the club car clustered passionately around the radio. They were not students of the drama: it was the broadcast of a football game between Notre Dame and the Navy, and William Shakespeare is a half-back.

Speaking of that doze: literature's only enemy in the midland empire is those enormous meals of hot biscuit and chicken gravy. It is difficult, with such generous eating, to preserve the divine discontent which is the germ of writing. But let's forget literature for a moment and at the Montrose Coffee Shop in Cedar Rapids (where Grant Wood's murals are) try the Iowa Corn-fed Sirloin Steak—"served on a sizzling platter while still in process of cooking." Some citizens found Mr. Wood's deliciously stylized rear elevation of a milking cow disturbing at first. But gradually they are realizing that true art uses its own local materials. In the same way the superb new State Capitol at Lincoln (surely one of America's most beautiful buildings) shows the ear and husk of corn as repeated decorative symbol. How excellent to find a State Capitol which is not just a small bastard of the progenitor in Washington. It rises above the level plain, like one of the great East Anglian churches of the fen country; the sun glitters on the dome and the figure of the Sower. Perhaps the inscriptions are not quite up to the spirit of the building itself: the longish essay on Law and Order and Political Thinking written round the cornice of the central rotunda seemed to me ponderous and unmemorable. The purpose of an architectural text surely should be to memorize itself almost unawares.—In Governor Bryan's reception room I found painted on the ceiling a statement which is at least consistent to the tradition of the State: *Water is our refreshener.* I did not know whether this was shown me as a personal reproach: but I'm told that Nebraska has lately voted repeal.

❧ ❧

At road junctions you often see the sign ARTERIAL SLOW. But the economic bloodstream has quickened noticeably since I last went through this region. Many big freight trains were moving. The intense blackness of that fertile soil when freshly turned is always an amazement. Sterling, Illinois, is a town I liked the look of. It has a fine stream (the Rock River, I think) and attractively formalized back gardens, with pergolas and hedged plots. The trees have an odd look to Eastern eyes: something thin and lacy about them: it occurred to me that Grant Wood put middle-Western trees into his New England painting of Paul Revere's Ride. That of course was his intention: to give an Iowa notion of Massachusetts.

So, with vague but appropriate emotion, you cross the Mississippi at Clinton: where you don't get the full breadth of the stream on account of islands of willow scrub. But you visualize Huck and Tom camping out in just such haunts. And one of the first books you see in Morris Sanford's Old Book Balcony in Cedar Rapids—an admirable collection of second-hands at very low cost—is a first edition Mark Twain. That also is a good instance of encouraging regional art and emotion. In the Woodrow Wilson High School of Cedar Rapids is one of Grant Wood's most effective symbolisms: a painting called "Young Corn," a typical Iowa farmscape with a most cunningly conventionalized field of early sprouts. The label pleased me: "To the memory of Miss Linnie Schloeman whose interest in young and growing things made her a beloved teacher in this school." Also Mr. Wood's fine War Memorial window in the Cedar Rapids City Hall—the largest stained glass in the United States, I believe—was thrilling with morning sunlight streamed against it. The glass was colored and fixed in Germany, which troubled some patrioteers; it seems to me to add the touch of fulfilment to so fine a memorial of the useless tragedy of War. And, as Grant Wood amusingly told me, the firm of glass-workers in Munich had always worked on religious windows so that they made each American soldier face look too messianic. He had to learn the difficult art of glass-painting in a hurry in order to redraw the faces himself. I am always impatient with those who imagine some necessary intolerance between business and the arts; so I was pleased to learn that the only place in Cedar Rapids which was big enough for the artist to spread out his full-size drawing for the window was in the Quaker Oats factory.

❧ ❧

I intended to continue these notes in the train coming back from Lincoln: but evidently what they told me about the good old Rock Island road was not just japing. Somehow it fell into a crude rhyme—

'BOOOARD! cries the conductor,
The couplings grind and sway;
Reeling, heeling, wheeling,
We rumble on today.
By Raccoon and Skunk River,
Red barns for corn and hay,
Past silo, soil and pasture
We rockabye and say:
We ride the old Rock Island
That comes from Denver's highland—
The rockety Rock Island
That rolls through Ioway.
O plant the flat feet, porter,
As firmly as you may;
O sleeper, cleave to mattress,
O waiter, clutch your tray.
Toward Mark Twain's Mississippi
That flows dark brown with clay
We're swinging, clinging, singing
Our Middle-West hurray:—
We ride the old Rock Island
That comes from Denver's highland—
The rockety Rock Island
That rolls through Ioway.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by

Margaret Irwin

AUTHOR OF
ROYAL FLUSH

THE

PROUD SERVANT

THE STORY OF MONTROSE

"The author's white-hot enthusiasm has brought James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, so vividly to life that he exercises upon us the same power and fascination that were his while living . . . This is in every way Miss Irwin's finest work yet published."—N. Y. TIMES.

"A wonderful story—it will certainly stir your circulation, and keep it stirred."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

"A splendid piece of historical re-creation, which I read with complete absorption . . . She seems to me one of the most worthwhile novelists writing today." — HERSCHEL BRICKELL, N. Y. POST.

Just out, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., New York

H. M. Tomlinson

has written "a fitting companion to *The Sea and the Jungle* and *Tidemarks*."—*N.Y. Times*

SOUTH TO CADIZ

Percy Hutchison writes:

"Of the unparalleled beauty that is to be found in Spain; golden sunlight, playing across field and mountain; contrasts of caste and race; a land somnolent from inertia ages old, yet a land modern and alive—of these Tomlinson's art makes us fully conscious . . . *South to Cadiz* has the unique distinction of taking distinguished place in the long English tradition of great prose, while at the same time it is vital with energetic modernity." $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

"God's Little Acre": an Analysis

(*Continued from page* 306)

manner; and, as we shall see, sex itself comes to mean either nursing or destruction.

It is the result of a deep inner logic then that the book is a story in symbolic language of the struggle of a group of men to win some fantastic kind of sustenance out of the body of the earth, the "body" of factories, and the bodies of women; and that the living women struggle through the mazes of a queer, disjointed, erotic travail to give sustenance or death to the bodies of men. Throughout the book the recurring themes are those of food (watermelons, hams, grits, and ice cream); or of biting, grabbing, sucking, and licking; and of haunted efforts to rend or tear or suck or bite out of the bowels of the earth a golden magical food. Furthermore, since in the tale nursing and intercourse have become confused and interchangeable yearnings, it is logical that the chief protagonists should chant obsessively the beauty of a woman's breasts, that the woman's body should always be described in unreal terms more applicable to a man's, and finally that the woman's body itself should be transformed into a fantastic well at which a man may slake his thirst, and ease with his mouth a torment of neurotic and perverse cravings.

But who are the men in this confused and fantastic tale, who play out their needs against these figures of women? First, there is Ty Ty Walden, an old man and a widower, seeking endlessly for gold by digging into the bowels of his farm, rendering his land sterile with mounds of earth from fruitless excavations. Despite his years he digs as a child might, because his "Daddy" told him there was gold in the ground, and because of the echoing rumor that negroes have found nuggets. His gold fever is an obsession, which in his life has taken the place of women and drink. He is sensitive, visionary, a mute artist with an eye for beauty in painting and an ear for beauty in words; but he lives out his lusts and fears at a childlike level. With his words he arouses other men's fever equally to hunt for gold or to assault his daughter-in-law, Griselda. But for himself, he is afraid of women, afraid that they "wear a man to a frazzle." He is willing to look at them but not to go too near them; and even when he looks upon Darling Jill in the very arms of Dave, he does not take in what he sees, but stands uncomprehending as a child. With his eyes he feasts on the body of his daughter-in-law, Griselda, yet he thinks of her and of his yearning for her as though she "were inside" him, as though his erotic impulses were "the rising up of something deep within" his own body. And he carries this feminine identification further by likening himself and Griselda "*to a hen with a lone chick.*"

As an expression of these strange phantasies we find that his objective energy is directed solely towards tearing things out of the earth as if it were a human body; and that when the ground won't yield it up, he flails it like a reluctant living thing. Nor is it strange that he talks of science, yet resorts to a negro "conjur," until finally he effects a confused compromise between the white man's science and the negro's magic by capturing in a swamp the albino, Dave, to use him as his divining instrument, an all-white figure fashioned out of the black mud with which to combine white magic and black.

Furthermore, to Ty Ty the things of the spirit also lie within the body. His formulation of religion is that "God resides inside one," that "there are secret things hidden in every man," that "one hunts for the things that are inside and brings them to the outside." Thus it is clear that his gold hunt, his erotic obsession, and his religion are all part of one confused and largely unconscious system of obsessive phantasies. *He is fascinated and yet terrified by that which lies within the body.* Therefore he cannot approach the body; and though he is an old man, he is still a child, interested in the outside that he can see with his eyes, an aged Peeping Tom. Finally, and like a baby, he is concerned with the earthy products of the body, prizing that which other men discard, heaping mud-pies while he hopes to find in the mud the seed of a supreme and golden treasure.

Will Thompson is Ty Ty's son-in-law, the husband of Rosamond. He is the effective instrument of Ty Ty's frustrated desires; for it is through Will that Ty Ty mates with both of his daughters and his daughter-in-law.

By trade Will is a weaver of cloth who lives and works in the town; yet it is his obsessive ritual to tear cloth into tiny pieces when he turns on the power in the mill; and similarly he must tear to pieces the garments of Griselda when he is about to attack her. For Will, then, intercourse, "to turn on the power," must be preceded by a rending or tearing or deflorating; whereas weaving is like repair and restitution. Will is thus portrayed as a violent man, a "male man" to the negroes, the man whom all women seek and whom all other men hate and envy. With his own words, he likens himself to an almighty and omnipotent phallus. When aroused, his whole body plays this role. He compares his strength to that of "God Almighty." Yet all of this megalomanic phantasy of power can be punctured by a bullet; and in the end he is punished by death for his presumption, that is for his assault upon Griselda and his assault upon the mills.

Thus the bravado and pretended invulnerability of Will cover simple human weakness; and like all weak mortals he must restore himself with food, the most primitive of all restoratives. So Will is pictured as a hungry man who eats as the women wait upon him, and who is brought home by the lure of food; and in his final frenzy it is the mouth which becomes the focus of all his erotic desires. To Will, as to an infant, the most fundamental contact between bodies is through eating; and because his expressed phantasy of himself is of his whole body as a phallus his mouth becomes the instrument of the phantasy.

The other five male figures are less clear and less important fragments. Each of them is dominated by anxiety. None is in any true sense living. These figures of men nurse and dig and beat and threaten, or they peep and yearn and blush. They never love. They never procreate. Their women are either dim shadows of mothers out of the past, or destroying women of the vivid present. It is out of the stuff of phantasies such as these that sickness itself arises.

It is necessary to stress the elimination of the author from our study, because the book has frequently been spoken of as "sick," a characterization which might be taken as meaning that the author was sick as well. Such a deduction is not at all warranted on the basis of what is evident from the book. The relationship of an author to his work is always complex; and to judge of an entire man from an isolated fragment of his stream of conscious or unconscious thought would be both unscientific and unsound. We can speak with some measure of confidence only of that which we have in hand, namely the book itself, and draw no conclusions about the author.

Readers of the book can be observed directly, however, and one finds them to be variously affected. Some are carried away by the compelling picture of unchecked passion, finding in this a vicarious freedom from their own habitual restraints. Others react with violent and unhesitating aversion. More often, however, they are likely to be fascinated, repelled, and puzzled, all at the same time, hardly knowing whether to envy the characters for their unchecked and hypothetical lustiness, or to look down upon them as sick and bad. Thus we find the reader either caught by the lure of illness which masquerades as primitive power, or stirred by deeply buried impulses within himself which respond to the picture which is painted, or yet revolted at times and resentful of a note of arrogance which he may feel in the protagonists of the tale.

It is inevitable that a book which stirs deep and confused phantasies or feelings must exert a fascination upon the sensitive reader. Whether in any individual in whom such confused misconceptions are active, the inner turmoil will ever break out in active sickness is a matter which depends upon too many variable factors to allow of any generalizations. One can say with confidence, however, that among healthy readers it is unlikely that such a picture of illness could cause a serious disturbance, and that it is highly probable that anyone whose precarious balance could be upset by the book would have been shaken in any case by the pressure of his own sick inner needs. One need not feel too anxious, therefore, about the influence of the book upon the health of the reader; although one may deplore the confusion which the book may churn up within him.

And still, perhaps, the question remains, why such books are, or should be. To that the only answer possible is that they are because they have to be. As long as there is a group of people who cannot be fooled or consoled by romance, whether it be cheap and tawdry or delicate and sophisticated; as long as there are those who refuse to content themselves with the cold comfort of an ironical sneer; and as long as those who reject either of these escapes have courage and honesty, there will be a literature which seeks to write its way out of confusion and restraint into some pathway of passionate relief and happiness. It would seem to be inevitable that in all such literature the portrayal of illness must play a role.

For some readers one may be sure that there is achieved at times a therapeutic relief of feeling through the translation of inner problems into literary forms. For society at large, the question of the value of this literature is more difficult. On the one hand, such books to some extent inevitably break up bigoted and inhibited attitudes towards the body; but on the other hand, when, as in "God's Little Acre," the values are confused, the book may seem to attempt to set up as standards of high normality forms of behavior which are in reality the expression of potential sickness. In all probability, with the passing of years, and with the deepening and clarifying growth of psychoanalytic knowledge, and the subjection of this new material to the needs of art, much of this confusion will gradually be eliminated. In the meantime it must be borne in mind that the search for beauty leads through strange fields; and that to touch deep chords in human nature, even those instinct with illness, may have subtler values than it is possible as yet to characterize.

A Story of Isolation

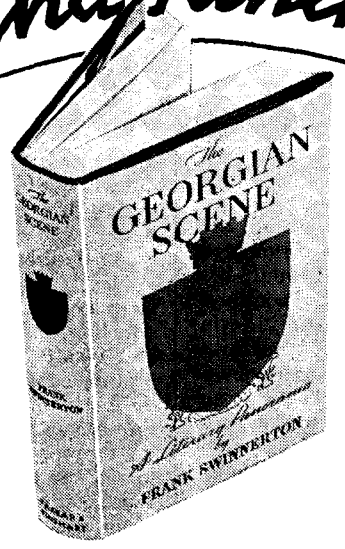
LOAVES AND FISHES. By Elaine Myers. *New York: Ray D. Henkle.* 1934. $2.50.

MISS MYERS writes of hardship on the coast of Maine in the middle of the nineteenth century. Local color and personal tragedy are of importance, and both are well done. Certainly Mary Shane is a suitable figure for tragic fiction. Left with five small children when her husband's fishing boat is wrecked on a derelict in the fog, she carries on in her isolated home as best she can. The children must walk five miles to school; the old horse must be rented to a lumber camp during the winters, numberless mean and humbling expedients are inescapable. Finally the pressure is relieved a little by an itinerant peddler, who gives Mary work at home, sewing at bonnets. After this change of fortune, the novel seems to lose its vigorous simplicity, and the remainder is definitely less effective.

Essentially, this is a chronicle of warfare between poverty and the human spirit. When poverty is the victor such a narrative must have a certain loftiness and something of the power of a vision if it is not to be merely depressing. Miss Myers gives us a good deal of this saving quality, partly through her poetic evocation of sea and promontory and village at the mouth of the Penobscot, partly through the noble courage with which she has endowed Mary Shane. Only at the close does Miss Myers allow her story to become restless and diminish in power. But there has been, before that, more than enough justification for saying that this first novel is a superior example of serious fiction.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farrar and Rinehart present

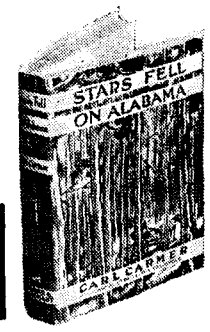


• A HIGHLY original study of modern English literature and the men and women who have created it. This literary panorama is the crowning achievement of Frank Swinnerton's career. It has taken five years to write and is the result of a quarter century of close association with the great writers of the Georgian era—as critic, novelist, publisher and friend. 522 fascinating pages of sharp wit and delightful humor. Indexed; with a reading list of the characteristic books of the 63 authors mentioned. Handsomely printed and bound. $3.50.

The Georgian Scene

by Frank Swinnerton

"A STRANGE and absorbing book . . . I could not stop reading."—Anne Parrish. **"Brilliant and delightful."**—T. S. Stribling. **"The significance of the title will make the hair stand up on the back of your neck."**—Chicago News. **Illustrated in color and in black-and-white by** Cyrus Leroy Baldridge. **$3.00**



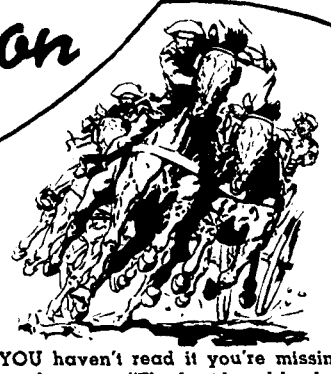
Stars Fell On Alabama

by Carl Carmer

• **BOLD MEN, soft women and strange gods play their part in this mighty epic of the Aztec people . . . a stupendous story of lust and beauty and battle . . . barbaric splendors contrasted with bloody horrors . . . all presented on a teeming canvas, tremendous in conception and daring in execution. 712 pages, illustrated by Glintenkamp, $3.00.**

The Great White Gods

by Eduard Stucken



• **IF YOU haven't read it you're missing one of life's greatest pleasures. "The best-loved book of our time."**—New York Times. **"A book for the ages."**—Boston Transcript. **"A work of genius."**—The Forum. **1200 pages, $3.00. [2 volume edition, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, $5.]**

Anthony Adverse

by Hervey Allen

• **"THE BEST novel I have read this year."**—Sinclair Lewis. **"The real discovery of the month . . . a raffish, tender novel . . . something unique under the sun . . . more fun than a barrel of monkeys."**—New York Times. **5th printing, $2.50.**

February Hill

by Victoria Lincoln

• **FLOYD DELL'S finest story of young love and marriage since** The Briary Bush. **"A full rich book."**—Saturday Review of Literature. **"An authentic bit of Americana, just as surely as** Main Street. **It should have a wide appeal."**—Virginia Kirkus. **470 pages, $2.50.**

THE Golden Spike

by Floyd Dell

by Dorothy Whipple
author of GREENBANKS

• **"IT'S A grand novel, with a good shape to it, real people, real humor and pathos and a fine sense of life. It ought to be a big success."**—J. B. Priestley **$2.50.**

The Great Mr. Knight

Elsie Robinson's own story

• **THE STIRRING true story of a real American woman in the making . . . courageous, sympathetic, wise. 300 pages, $2.00.**

I Wanted Out!

• **THE FRANKEST book ever written about Nippon . . . new and frightening revelations . . . with dramatic sketches of the buccaneer characters who made her what she is today. A shrewd, plain-spoken, disturbing book about the nation whose future materially affects the future of the United States and whose actions affect the peace of the world. 409 pages, illustrated and indexed. $3.00.**

Challenge

BEHIND THE FACE OF JAPAN

by Upton Close

A Pilgrimage of Ideas

BY SHERWOOD EDDY

The autobiographical record of a man who has lived a full life and has traveled widely across the world. $3.00

A Handful of Dust

BY EVELYN WAUGH

The author of Vile Bodies presents the bitter story of an English gentleman who marries the wrong girl and tries to escape to Brazil where he is trapped by savages. Told with a fine flair for the comic. $2.50

Unemployment and Relief

BY ROBERT G. ELBERT

Clear, concise, vivid, always interesting and often bold and strikingly original. A remarkable solution of the problem of unemployment insurance. $1.00

Fer-De-Lance

BY REX STOUT

"A mystery story for which we predict a very fine success . . . an excellent achievement . . . authentically tough without being insistently obscene."—Saturday Review of Literature. $2.00

Russia, Youth and the Present-Day World

BY FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, M.D.

A fascinating book which proves that the proper training of youth will do away with neuroses. Illustrated, $2.50

• AN INVALUABLE guide for mothers who want the latest expert information on the care, nutrition and development of infants and children. 409 pages, fully indexed, $1.50.

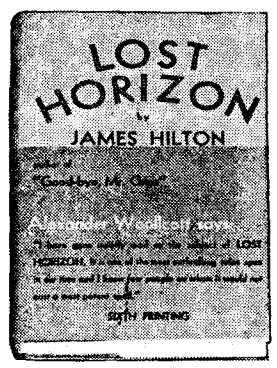
Infants and Children

by Frederic H. Bartlett

FARRAR AND RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is the book . . .



an adventure

of the mind and spirit . . . a literary achievement . . . a publishing sensation . . . sixth printing in four weeks. $2.50

Lost Horizon

Isabel Paterson, sparkling reviewer and dynamic literary personality, re-creates the boom days with wit, honesty and perspective. Ellen Glasgow says, "I can recall no recent novel that gives so vivid a picture of New York in the immediate moment of yesterday." $2.50

The Golden Vanity

Renowned on two continents, R. G. tells her sensational story of thirty-six years among Europe's inner circles of diplomacy, finance and art. "Her comments are like lightning flashes of revelation . . . frankness akin to that which made 'Nijinsky' so profoundly moving a book."—Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* $3.00

Prelude to the Past

The Autobiography of a Woman

Author of Arches of the Years, Halliday Sutherland achieves the impossible by writing a second book as delightful as the first. Brimful of urbane anecdotes, strange people and shrewd Scotch observation, it is compulsory reading for the civilized. $3.00

A Time to Keep

Grace Zaring Stone's new American novel which the critics hailed as "stirring," "beautiful," "masterly," "human" and which an enthusiastic public has made a national best-seller. $2.50

The Cold Journey

and published by Morrow

ONE WAY TO WRITE NOVELS

***by* ELLEN GLASGOW**

The author of *Barren Ground, The Sheltered Life, They Stooped to Folly* has written a valuable addition to *The Saturday Review's* current series on technique. This article will be one of the distinguished contributions appearing in the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the SRL

—December 8th—

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

THE poetry shelves before me are somewhat crowded at present, and rather than indulge in long analyses of the books I think the best, I should like to furnish my readers with brief comment upon the outstanding volumes. "Eleven New Cantos" by *Ezra Pound* (Farrar & Rinehart) has gone to another reviewer for special consideration, but there are six new books you should by all means read. They are:

"Avalanche of April." By *Kimball Flaccus* (Scribner's).

"Leifsaga." By *Henry Chapin* (Farrar & Rinehart).

"Comrade: Mister." By *Isidor Schneider* (New York: Equinox Cooperative Press).

"Westering." By *Thomas Hornsby Ferril* (Yale University Press).

"Permit Me Voyage." By *James Agee* (Yale University Press).

"Poems and Sonnets." By *Ernest Walsh* (Harcourt, Brace & Company).

I regard young Mr. Flaccus as one of the most promising of our younger poets. He is twenty-two and graduated from Dartmouth last year where he won the Glascock Memorial Prize for poetry. He indulged in various literary activities at Dartmouth and is now engaged in the post-graduate study of English at Columbia University. For a young man he has already gone far in his chosen art. I first heard him read the "Invocation" of this book at a poetry contest at Mount Holyoke. It is a straight-speaking, strong, clear poem, of much quiet beauty. The blank verse in which his book is written, save for the "Invocation" and "Envoi," is well articulated. There are three main sections, "Place," "Personality," and "Belief." There is close observation of nature in a certain part of New England, and there is meditation of an unusual maturity, and knowledge of the history of the land. While there is rarely startling phrase, the level of workmanship is high, and the essence of youth in the open, as well as the essence of poetry, is here.

Henry Chapin is an older poet, born forty years ago. He is a New Englander who graduated from Princeton in 1917 and served in the late War. He has been a book reviewer, teacher, and free-lance writer since. While he has had single short poems published occasionally, "Leifsaga" is his first sustained narrative effort in verse. It is a poem of the Norse discoveries of America, and the first of three books planned to cover the Westward migration of the so-called Nordic race. His blank verse has not the feminine endings of Flaccus's, which last make for music. It is more stiff and terse. But that is exactly right for its subject matter, and the chapters of this saga will hold you. There are interpolated rhymed measures. The story is an epic one and well worth reading. William Morris would have greatly enjoyed it, though Morris, in "The Earthly Paradise," did not write with this strong condensation. If you care at all about racial beginnings or the first Westward discoveries, this is your book. It teaches much through and by means of a vivid human story.

In "Comrade: Mister" and "Westering" we have two books contrasted, in that one is by a city dweller and worker tending toward revolutionary poetry, and the other by a man kin to the Rocky Mountains, who is of and really knows our West both old and new. *Isidor Schneider* has already established himself as a poet, and I should like to echo both Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost in assuring you that *Thomas Hornsby Ferril* deserves your serious attention. He knows America fully as well as *Paul Engle*, and a certain part of it better. His first book, "High Passage," contained some most original work, and I wish that "Westering" might have a wide sale. You Americans who are really interested in your country, don't miss it. He can tell you about the blue-stemmed grass, about Fort Laramie and Jim Bridger, but "This Foreman," that won *The Nation's* poetry prize seven years ago, is about the steel City, and you can ride a prairie irrigation-ditch with him as it is today. The strong men in poetry keep coming on (to misquote Sandburg) and Ferril is one of them.

What Mr. Schneider has to say is usually interesting, though it seems to me that a good deal of his unrhymed verse is prosy and his rhymed verse rather, to use Browning's words, "flowers on furze"; and in this case burrs don't seem to stick better than roses! In the introduction of his second section "Toward Revolutionary Poetry," Mr. Schneider feels that the anarchy of individualistic expression into which modern poets have fallen is the direct result "of the anarchy that disintegrating capitalism has fallen into." Now he looks toward a communist society to reintegrate things, "and the poets look to it for new subject matter." So he has joined the comrades and has found, because of the response, that "writing a poem was no longer a lonely and dead operation, but a living act." It seems to me that writing any really good poetry is a living act, and I know there is a fallacy here, because Mr. Schneider's attempts at revolutionary poetry are simply not very distinguished. I know he is a sincere man, and apparently it uplifts him to follow Comrade Lenin. His is really the search for a faith to believe in. But one would have to be converted to his particular faith to be more than merely interested in these poems as the biography of one man.

To "Permit Me Voyage" by *James Agee, Archibald MacLeish* has written a foreword. "What appears [here]," he says, "is a technical apprenticeship successfully passed, a mature and in some cases a masterly control of rhythms, a vocabulary at once personal to the poet and appropriate to the intention and, above everything else, the one poetic gift which no amount of application can purchase and which no amount of ingenuity can fake—a delicate and perceptive ear." In any case here is a new poet in "The Yale Series of Younger Poets" who is above the average and well worth your reading. I do believe that the perceptive ear for poetry is mainly lacking in Schneider and certainly present in Agee.

Ernest Walsh was one of the most interesting of our "poets in exile," and some of his work in "Poems and Sonnets" has both strength and beauty. Before his death he began to experiment with a sort of fake old English way of writing that was mainly erotic and, though really most readable on the whole, a mere literary curiosity. But his book should be read as biographical notes of an Irish-American who possessed a great deal of individuality and talent, died untimely after long hospital experience, and represents a significant type of American writer during a certain period. Ten years ago he founded the magazine *This Quarter*, in Paris, which published the work of a number of the best writers abroad. *Ethel Moorhead's* account of Walsh, in her memoir, is an excellent introduction to the book, and most sympathetically written. I can recommend this book as experimental poetry of a quite engrossing kind.

From the Black Cat Press of Chicago I have received a beautifully made volume containing a long classical poem "Callisto" by my old friend, the English poet and etcher, *A. Hugh Fisher*. Another of this press's publications is "Sunlight and Shadow," by *Frank E. Hartman*, but this latter is pretty bad poetry. Another private press, The Ashlar Press, has done a very good job with a book of certain interesting characteristics, "This Casual Glory," by *Hugh L. Chisholm, Jr.*, who seems to live at one of the Yale Colleges, and hence may be either undergraduate or fellow. "The Best Poems of 1934," selected by *Thomas Moult*, though I like the format of these little anthologies, still perplexes me as to how and upon what principles Mr. Moult chooses the poetry to include in them.

"The Collected Poems of *John Galsworthy*" (Scribner) is a volume of the pleasant recreations in verse of an eminent novelist and playwright. There are some nice things in it, such as the lines "On Accidental Exchange of Hats (Opera) with *John Masefield*." There are also some more poignant fragments. This is cultivated verse by a man of strong feeling. It is interesting to read, however, chiefly as it reveals to us a little more of the Galsworthy who was genuinely impressive in prose. "Poems" by *Thomas McGreevy* (Viking) is the work of a sensitive Irish patriot and Catholic who, in a time of poetic transition, shows a little the influence of *T. S. Eliot* (about whom he has written), and writes as a cultivated man who is content to appeal chiefly to a coterie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Career of an Animal Trainer

WILD ANIMAL MAN. By R. W. Thompson. William Morrow & Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND L. DITMARS

IN this lively book the author describes the life of Reuben Castang, animal trainer, from boyhood to his recent retirement in England. The chapters are arranged in smooth sequence, producing a continuous story, each chapter, however, delineating a specific episode. There is much detail about phases of animal training that are little known outside of a circus, much about the care of animals, hazards attending the handling of the larger kinds, and some jungle adventure in the capture of wild beasts. There is no doubt about the authenticity of the many thrilling incidents described. My only criticism is that this admiration for the daring hero tends to overshadow other trainers of wild beasts, who also have done remarkable things.

Reuben Castang was "discovered" in London, at the age of thirteen, by the famous Carl Hagenbeck. One of Reuben's relatives maintained an animal shop. Hagenbeck was so impressed with the boy's love and knowledge of animals that he took him in hand as an apprentice and to live with the Hagenbeck family at Hamburg. The internationally known Tierpark was then, and still is, situated at Stellingen, a suburb of Hamburg. It had acquired its world-wide prominence from the Hagenbeck idea of enclosing the animals within moated areas, instead of using bars or fences. It was the world's first barless zoo and started an evolution in the construction of zoölogical parks. Within its generous confines, Carl Hagenbeck employed highly expert men to "break" animals for various acts. The Tierpark was a combination of moated animal panoramas and circus. Daringly original animal acts were produced there. This reviewer remembers seeing one in which twenty polar bears went through orderly paces—and the polar bear is a particularly aggressive and powerful animal.

It was into this atmosphere that the young Castang was injected, for the keen Hagenbeck—who has passed into history as one of the world's greatest animal men—sensed in the youthful enthusiast, a sympathetic interest in animals akin to intuition.

As to Castang's mastery of the big brutes while he was still a mere boy, the book cites an instance in the Rotunda, at Vienna, when two elephants, carelessly chained by an attendant, escaped during the night and started up the steeply rising banks of seats, beneath which sloping structure were arranged the wagon cages of an assorted menagerie. There was every chance that the weight of the great beasts would bring the structure down. The episode reads:

> Reuben grabbed a lantern and got to work. The arena with the seats enclosing it resembled a limitless void in which he stood like a glow-worm alone; and somewhere, stumbling heavily over the tiered seats, were two elephants, half-crazed. Several tons of mad flesh with life in it, that might at any moment crash through the woodwork to the floor below and lie there, helpless. . . . Then, as though it came out of the night sky the silence of the elephants burst in a thunderous trumpeting of fear and challenge. And up from the depths came the rending challenge of the tigers and the roars of the lions in answer. . . . It was a real nightmare and only the steady nerves of this young boy stood between safety and catastrophe. . . .
>
> At last he came within reach, gripped tight to one soft ear of Satan the while he soothed. The other elephant would follow. Step by step Reuben led his massive charge downwards. . . .Without a tremor Reuben's free hand stroked the sensitive hide and his voice reassured. Not for an instant did he falter, not for an instant did he forget that his body might be pulp on the Rotunda floor. His ears strained for the "give" of stressed timber. . . . Yet neither his voice nor his hands betrayed him.

The foregoing condensed description is typical of Castang's actions in thrilling emergencies. He later chaperoned the Hagenbeck performing animals to America, performed in the arena with elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, bears—and even goats. There is interesting reading about the opening of Luna Park, at Coney Island, where the Hagenbeck show was a main feature. With a milling crowd entering the arena, and the seats well filled, a lion escaped! The solution of this grave dilemma was just another incident in Castang's colorful life.

A Feast OF GOOD READING

ELIZABETH
For sheer charm, for depth and brilliance and irresistible readability, you cannot afford to miss this new novel—a delicious comedy of morals—in which the delicate wit of *Vera* and *The Enchanted April* is at her superb best. $2.50 THE JASMINE FARM

TARKINGTON
If you laughed at *Penrod* and *Seventeen*, you'll laugh twice as hard at LITTLE ORVIE! Going on eight and almost wholly toothless, his amazing escapades and his romantic longing for a dog make the whole tragi-comedy of little boy in America. $2.50 LITTLE ORVIE

GIBBS
The famous author of *Now It Can Be Told*—Sir Philip Gibbs—just returned from the storm centers of Europe, tells what people of all classes—from farm and factory, village and Capital, in seven countries — are thinking about the smouldering future. Illustrated by E. Lander. $3.00 EUROPEAN JOURNEY

SACKVILLE-WEST
With the same faultless sense of beauty which produced those lustrous novels, *The Edwardians* and *All Passion Spent*, V. Sackville-West now tells the story of Shirin le Breton, whose first love was for the Island of Storn and its dangerous blue-reefed sea. A book of disquieting depths. $2.50 THE DARK ISLAND

NICHOLS
Here is Beverley Nichols' story of the village of *Down the Garden Path* and *A Thatched Roof*, a chronicle of Allways, that for charm and wit and sheer joy of reading has not been surpassed in these lovely books. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. $2.50 A VILLAGE IN A VALLEY

THE NEW NATION-WIDE BEST-SELLER . . .

CAPTAIN CAUTION

. . . Smashing New Novel in

KENNETH ROBERTS'

immortal "Chronicles of Arundel"—which include *Arundel, The Lively Lady,* and *Rabble in Arms.* $2.50 each.

Don't miss this most unusual novel—

A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW

By F. TENNYSON JESSE. An English *Madame Bovary*—rich in excitement and passion—hailed abroad as a "noble and important work." $2.50

Doubleday, Doran

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The critics, booksellers and readers everywhere keep emphasizing that one of the most delightful and attractive books published this year is—

★ MY NORMANDY ★

Frankly, we don't know how to describe this book. We only know that the author makes *her* Normandy *yours* . . . gives you the poetry of its traditions . . . the wit and drollery of its folk . . . the indefinable charm of a land rich in romance . . . in an indefinably charming book. We can't do the book full justice even by quoting from all the reviews. To appreciate its charm, you must *see* it! Because we're so sure "My Normandy" will appeal to you, it will be a pleasure to send you a copy, with the understanding that you may return it if you wish to. (In such a case we would refund full purchase price.) The price is $2.00. E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Ave., New York.

DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN TERMS

Found in English and American Writings of Yesterday and Today

By

C. O. SYLVESTER MAWSON

Author "International Book of Names"

Entirely new—unique—comprehensive. Really several dictionaries rolled into one. A reader's guide to 11,000 non-English terms, fully translated.

400 Pages *$2.00*

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue New York

Eugene O'Neill

A CRITICAL STUDY BY

SOPHUS KEITH WINTHER

Dept. of English, Univ. of Washington

THIS volume contains a complete and penetrating analysis of every O'Neill play, and is published with the personal endorsement of Eugene O'Neill himself. $2.00

RANDOM HOUSE
20 E. 57th St., New York

ROMAIN ROLLAND

A NEW NOVEL

A WORLD IN BIRTH

$2.75 at all bookstores

HOLT

The New Books

Belles-Lettres

THE MILK OF PARADISE. The Effect of Opium Visions on the Works of De-Quincey, Crabbe, Francis Thompson, and Coleridge. By Meyer Howard Abrams. Harvard University Press. 1934. $1.25.

This is one of the Harvard Honors Theses in English. Apropos of Mr. Abrams's conclusion that the effect of opium was a new note in poetry ("a rich strangeness, a beauty stolen from another world," though the vision and the flight are brief, the costs great, the pains long), apropos of those exotic advantages, one is moved to wonder what would be the effect of opium eating, used experimentally, under supervision, in the preparation of academic or doctoral theses, now so industrious, conscientious, and of irreproachable good character, but so seldom inspired. A little "dream scenery," a few "phantoms of sublimity," some "spectral persecution," some "nimble beams of brilliant light," some "heavenly flutes aching with music," some vast looming of shapeless tragedy! The idea opens fascinating vistas. But one is constrained to give it up with a sigh. The opium eating of Coleridge and De-Quincey is familiar. We even remembered that Francis Thompson was an addict. But we had forgotten that the stern realist, Crabbe, had that interesting habit, and are indebted to Mr. Abrams for "The World of Dreams" and "Eustace Grey," two poems distinctly opiated. The imagery of opiated poetry even by men so dissimilar as Coleridge and Crabbe has similar peculiarities. It is Mr. Abrams's main thesis perhaps to establish and describe them. But there is an interesting connection which he does not seem to have made. This imagery, these peculiarities, are all romantic. We must add opium to the ingredients of the Romantic Movement, which nowadays looks a little like a hashish dream of blissful beginnings and painful awakening.

A. C.

Biography

FROM JUNGLE TO ZOO. Adventures of a Naturalist's Wife. By Lucile Q. Mann. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $2.

The "Bill" to whom Mrs. Mann dedicates her book is the director of the National Zoölogical Park. When they were married, which seems to have been within the past ten years, she knew nothing about zoölogy or about the care and feeding of a zoo's inmates, and she had a horror of snakes. "Wedded to science," she was called upon to harbor in their apartment, at different times, not only snakes but "a kinkajou, a potto, a wart-hog, love-birds, lizards, and several monkeys," and to foster-mother there a young galago and a lion cub. Also to entertain on a moment's notice foreign zoölogists who were sybarites in their own countries; to pack suitcases and close the apartment within two hours for an impromptu start for Europe; and to accompany Bill into the tropics and help him bring back assorted fauna alive. Her book makes decidedly engaging pick-up-and-put-down reading, presenting besides its amusing experiences a striking, somber picture of back-country British Guiana under the blight of world depression.

H. E. D.

ARCTIC TRADER. By Philip H. Godsell. Putnams. 1934. $3.

Mr. Godsell became an apprentice clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at the age of sixteen. A year earlier in what he describes as "the dull and uninteresting town of Wolverhampton" he had come upon R. M. Ballantyne's book, "Hudson's Bay" and been set afire by it. He would join the great Company, go North, trap with Indians and Eskimos, break new trails under the Northern Lights.

How was a lad of no fortune or influence in dull Wolverhampton to win a berth with the Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, who were very old among merchant companies, conservative, and proud with an imperial tradition? Young Philip wrote to the editor of a magazine for boys, telling all his desire and, doubtless, the cause of it; for, as the year rounded out, he received a letter from the Governor of the "H. B. C." himself, Lord Strathcona, saying that a place would be found for him the following spring. The young apprentice's first day at York Factory put him in touch with historic glories. There on a high bank was the palisaded fort built by Pierre Radissou, the mercurial Breton, who led the Adventurers of England to the Bay, then led Canadian rivals against them, lastly popped back into their service again, always and solely a fur trader on their battlefields, his flag a beaver pelt. On the messroom wall hung Lord Nelson's portrait in oils, which once looked down on the great feasts of the roistering Nor'-Westers at Fort William. The French surrendered the bay posts in 1713; the Nor'-Westers were absorbed by the Adventurers of England in 1821. There have been other rivals since, but they have not much disturbed the old Company, long versed in Indian psychology. Mr. Godsell tells of some of them and why they failed; they didn't understand the Indians.

In the course of his twenty years with the H. B. C. Mr. Godsell marked the northern map with his trails from the Bay into the Barrens, into the Athapaska country, the Yukon, the Skeena and Peace river districts of British Columbia, and northward again, to found new posts on King William's Land and Victoria Island. When the Company decided to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary he was commissioned to present a pageant of the fur trade in Winnipeg. Once again the fur brigade in York boats and canoes, manned by voyageurs and Indians, paddled and sang along Red River to Lower Fort Garry; and the tribes on their ponies came to smoke the peace pipe with the Governor of the great Company.

"Arctic Trader" is a lively book by a man less literary than Ballantyne, a practical-minded, energetic man who had a keen nose for trade and knew his Indians and their world.

C. L. S.

Fiction

SUMMER IN WILLIAMSBURG. By Daniel Fuchs. Vanguard. 1934. $2.50.

"Why does a man kill himself?" Philip, the hero of this first novel, puts the question to his friend Sussman. Sussman, lifetime resident of Williamsburg, a Jewish section in Brooklyn, does not offer a satisfactory answer (what man could?), but he does establish the tone of the book and the intention of the author.

This is his answer:

> You must make a laboratory out of Williamsburg . . . you must pick Williamsburg to pieces until you have them all spread out on the table before you, a dictionary of Williamsburg. And then select. Pick and discard.

Mr. Fuchs has followed this advice to the letter; the result is a novel of power and honesty. Cohen, pimply-faced dreamer and suicide; Papravel, racketeer and philosopher; Davey, leader of a boys' gang, worshipful of movie heroes; Marge, the sordid mistress of Sam Linck, truckdriver; Tessie, wife of Schlausser, well-to-do salesman, in love with Philip—these are valid characters, having their being in a world made understandable by reason of the intensity and skill with which Mr. Fuchs has done the job of collecting material for his "dictionary of Williamsburg." His novel is one of more than momentary importance.

K. P.

IF THIS BE ERROR. By Martin Hare. Harpers. 1934. $2.

Perhaps it logically follows that a reversion to Victorian styles in dress be accompanied by Victorian fashions in love. At any rate here is a novel whose theme is as reminiscent of the good queen as are bustles themselves. Yes, even the story of the two halves of the apples seeking throughout the universe to assuage the agony of their parting is right here again. Not that the Queen would have approved the author's emphasis on white flesh, nor of the highly respectable, if unblessed-by-the-church experiment which drags us slowly to the happy ending. But these are but concessions to progress.

Martin Hare seems to be a nice, naive young woman with a sure instinct for the Freudian "wishes" of a large group of not-too-stupid women, whom, fortunately for circulating libraries, we always have with us, irrespective of wars, famines, and floods. Beyond that she has a definite talent for communicating her enthusiasm to the passive reader. Her picture of life in a a Polish country-house has outstanding charm—so much indeed as to cause you almost to forget the Corridor. It is by far the best part of her book.

For the rest, despite a disarming freshness one must say it, plot and characters are pretty silly. Anna of the Venus-like fulness, so conveniently widowed at thirty; the fifty-year old Christl with her

(*Continued on page* 318)

FIRE ON THE ANDES

Carleton Beals now turns the spotlight on harassed Peru, and presents, with all his genius for ferreting out the true facts, a gripping picture of the trials and turmoils in this aggressive, lusty South American republic. The book conveys you from the Inca conquest right up to the present day. *With 48 superb illustrations by the Peruvian artist, José Sabogal. $3.* (LIPPINCOTT)

BY Carleton BEALS

Taylor *and* Munson

Literary and Dramatic Agents

743 Fifth Avenue, New York

MSS of literary merit will receive careful and considerate reading.

Reading and criticism fees are: Novels, $15; Biography, $10; Plays, $5; Short Fiction, $1 per each 1M words. We reserve the right to reject material unsuited to our markets. Commissions on sales at prevailing rates.

"HOT OR COLD FAIR IS FAIR."

Magnificent Obsession by Lloyd C. Douglas

$2.50

Celebrates its 5th Birthday as a national "best seller"

WILLETT, CLARK & CO. CHICAGO • NEW YORK

According to Hall*

BILL Hall writes from Japan that some dealers have been very "sus-s-spicious" of *The Saturday Review's* books of subscription blanks which he has wished to leave with them. Reason: they do not cost anything. This leaves us appalled at the possible construction the Orient may put on the new 13¼ inch by 5¾ inch beveled metal display sign which *The Saturday Review* is now ready to send postpaid and absolutely free to any bookseller selling the Review. But even if we are losing our grip, you might as well write at once for yours to the Bookstore Department of the SRL at 25 West 45th St., New York City.

* *William S. Hall and Henry M. Snyder represent the SRL in the Far East.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

BALLET DANCING

A. W. E. of Detroit, Mich., *is looking for a book on the subject of ballet or interpretative dancing which he can bestow upon a girl of fifteen or sixteen who has been "taking lessons." She is not, A. W. E. says, bookish, and, though he wants something adult, he doesn't think the first book which of course springs to mind,* NIJINSKY, *is the thing.*

THE MODERN DANCE (Barnes: $1.60), by John Martin, which represents an account of the origins of the dance of today together with an analysis and description of its characteristics will perhaps serve his purposes. Only a few weeks ago there appeared a volume which offhand I should think would be just the Christmas gift for his young friend; unfortunately its cost is more than the sum named in his letter. This is BALLETOMANIA (Simon & Schuster: $3.75), which its publishers describe as "a book of gossip and history, of comedy and tragedy, of triumph and disaster." It is a discussion of the art of choreography, and incidentally a gallery of pen portraits of many individual dancers, both as artists and personalities.

A LYMAN ABBOTT "OUT OF PRINT"

"Please inform me," writes W. H. McC. Jr. of Marshall, Texas, *"where I may obtain a copy of* SILHOUETTES OF MY CONTEMPORARIES, *by Lyman Abbott. I have made numerous inquiries of book dealers and been unable to find a copy."*

Alas, it is long since out of print. Perhaps some one of our readers who has a copy he no longer desires, might be willing to part with it. It was published by Doubleday, Page in 1921, and there certainly ought still to be copies extant in the bookshops. Incidentally, I am still getting letters from readers who have a copy of THE COURTS OF MEMORY they are ready to give up.

HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE

F. A. H. of Sausalito, Calif., *wants the names of good histories covering the period from the French Revolution to the present day in Europe.*

There's always, of course, whatever other works may be mentioned, the Cambridge history of any period to be kept in mind as a reference work. Though the CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY is not as satisfactory in all its volumes as the ANCIENT, nevertheless it should never be forgotten. Volume VIII contains the French Revolution and from that point on, of course, the series deals with events in the different European countries. But if F. A. H. wants a history of comfortable length that she can keep on her table and read as the winter wears on she cannot do better than to get Carlton J. H. Hayes's POLITICAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE (Macmillan). This is in two volumes, the first of which, since it runs from 1500 to 1815, F. A. H. will need for the short period between the French Revolution and the Battle of Waterloo. Volume II covers the stretch from 1815 to the present. Mr. Hayes has focussed his discussion around the rise of the bourgeoisie, and lays emphasis on economic factors as well as political. His work is lucid, well-knit, and interesting, and in addition to tracing the main currents of European history follows the side streams in America, Asia, and Africa. It has chapters on the World War, on the Peace, and on post-Armistice conditions, and is provided with good critical bibliographies. In case F. A. H. wants something still more concise than Mr. Hayes's volumes, there is Charles Downer Hazen's well-conceived and well-executed EUROPE SINCE 1815 (Holt), and if she wishes a volume that will give her not only European but world annals Eduard Fueter's WORLD HISTORY, 1815-1920 (Harcourt, Brace), is an excellent choice.

F. A. H.'s question was a double-barrelled one. I'm saving the other half of her inquiry for answer in a later Clearing House.

POSITIONS FOR WOMEN

N. B. J. of Los Angeles, Calif., *wants information as a member of a vocational guidance committee which is interested in building up a library of books containing facts on women's professions which are pertinent to the condition of the professions today. The committee wishes books which explain the requirements, advantages, disadvantages, and opportunities of vocations which though not necessarily exclusively feminine are open to women.*

This is a field which has been much tilled of late and in which there is a constantly growing literature. I'll start N. B. J. off now with a few titles and as others come to my mind or my attention I'll jot them down, and keep on sending them to her for her possible library list. But, first, before I mention a few books, let me tell N. B. J. that the North Carolina College for Women issues a bibliography entitled OCCUPATIONS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN, by C. Woodhouse and R. F. Yeomans, which ought to be very helpful to her. If she'll get that, and then investigate for her purposes H. R. Cades's JOBS FOR GIRLS (Harcourt, Brace), D. E. Fleischman's OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN (Doubleday, Doran), and BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN (Harpers), by C. Oglesby, she'll get off to a good start.

WHO WAS THE HERO

C. de V. Mack. of London, Canada, *in a letter asking for some information which I shall forward shortly, asks if I know of a children's story which, alas! I myself have never read nor those of my friends whom I have asked concerning it.*

Perhaps some of my readers can tell her for me so I print her inquiry. It is in regard to a book which is the "tale of a little girl's attempt to reach a castle. She is helped by a fox, called Florizel or Floris, who later turns into a prince. The last great obstacle in her way is the walking on a rope which is her only approach to the castle. It widens out miraculously as she walks on it. It is a lovely book full of satisfying details such as the clothes she wore and the food she ate. I think there was a picture of the castle on the cover, and I remember one illustration of the heroine, clad in a middy suit, bravely walking the rope. This book used to thrill me as a child, about fifteen years ago. It cannot be so very long out of print."

Can anyone tell C. de V. MacK. the title of the book and the name of its author?

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ASEFF THE SPY *Boris Nikolajewsky* (Doubleday, Doran; $2.50)	Nonfiction	The story of the man who joined the Nihilists in 1892, alternately betrayed them and the Russian police for years. Photographs.	Interesting
MR. UNDERHILL'S PROGRESS *Elizabeth Corbett* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Novel	The author of "The Young Mrs. Meigs" takes an older man for her hero, does very well by him.	Good
BROTHERS ON THE TRAIL *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	"Well, the Chief was born to shoot quick and shoot straight. That's the only trouble with him."	Standard
AGENT B-7 *Ared White* (Houghton, Mifflin: $2.)	Spy Story	Jack Dalton—or rather, we should say, Fox Elton of the American Secret Service, chases Zumbusch, the German agent, to save the Allied Forces.	Terrific

Leaders—All!

A condensed list of The Best of this year's books in each field, from which you may select with assurance the perfect gift for relatives and friends.

MICHAEL FLORINSKY'S
THE SAAR STRUGGLE
The timeliest book in many years! A clear, human, detailed, first-hand account of the problem of the Saar—the only up-to-date book available on the subject. $2.00

CHARLES A. BEARD'S
THE OPEN DOOR AT HOME
"One of our most salutary skeptics. He has done no end of good in 'clearing the mind'."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

SIR JAMES JEANS'
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
"He has a gift for sympathetic and luminous explanation."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

RAYMOND L. DITMARS'
CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENTIST
"Here is rare entertainment! He makes even snake serum romantic."—*Brooklyn Eagle.* $3.50

R. P. TRISTRAM COFFIN'S
LOST PARADISE
"A really great and true book—a book sprung from enduring traditions."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Collected by
JOHN A. and ALAN LOMAX
AMERICAN BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS
The songs of a people in one volume! . . . "The most complete collection we have."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $5.00

MARY ELLEN CHASE'S
MARY PETERS
"A scrupulously accurate, passionately loyal picture of old America."—*Lewis Gannett.* $2.50

H. G. WELLS'
EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
"So stimulating that I wish there were ten more volumes."—*Alexander Woollcott.* $4.00

THE MACMILLAN CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING

CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

The Constitution

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. New Rochelle: Peter Pauper Press. 950 copies. 1934. $2.

THE laborer is worthy of his hire, but one cannot say as much for the *entrepreneur*. Take books. The cost of publicity and distribution is all out of scale with the shop costs, making excessive prices and tremendous discounts part of the burden the purchaser has to bear. One would hardly think of doing away with the book store, and it is but one element in a complicated situation, but there ought to be some method of distribution which costs less to operate. I don't know what that method is, but I do know that a book like the Peter Pauper Press edition of the Constitution at $2 is a good book at a low price. It is fair to hope that the most of the two dollars goes to the compositor and pressman, for they have done their work well. Good and attractive paper, Centaur type, red rules and blue eagles, in a sound cloth binding, make an attractive whole. This is the first of a projected series of six such moderately priced, desirable books.

Danvis Folks

***DANVIS FOLKS. By Rowland E. Robinson. Foreword by Walter P. Eaton and Introduction by John Farrar. Rutland: Tuttle Co.* 1934. $2.50.**

This is the third volume in the Centennial Edition of Robinson's works, and it includes, besides the well-known "Danvis Folks," a lesser known juvenile, "A Hero of Ticonderoga." We have noticed these books as they have come out, and are delighted to have a reprint of stories which are too little known. It seems a bit superfluous to load up such a book with two introductory essays, but if it has to be done the two men here represented were good ones to choose. As in the other volumes, some of Robinson's own drawings are reproduced.

Books of Various Sorts

THE BOOK OF THE MACHINE. San Francisco: The Windsor Press. 200 copies. 1934. $4.

A dithyrambic on the machine as a great emancipator of humanity. If you like that sort of thing it is just the sort of thing you like. But for collateral reading see Austin Freeman's "Social Decay and Regeneration," Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," and Porter Garnett's "Fine Books."

Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" with Rockwell Kent's illustrations, hitherto available only in a limited edition, has been issued by the Printing House of Leo Hart, Rochester, in a trade edition at $2.75. It is a well printed and attractively bound book, though perhaps Caslon type is not the best helpmeet for Mr. Kent's drawings.

"Never Say Goodbye," "the first Play-Novel," has been printed by the author "George Hetherington" and 95 copies have been bound with a special colophon and signed. The book is midway between the usual type-printed affair and the future photographed book which will not employ metal types: it is printed by lithography from hand-press proofs of each page which had been hand-set.

"Trade" Books

The term "trade books" gives no better clue to the character of a book than does the ambiguity of "limited edition." And any "complete collector" of books is as much interested in trade books, that is, editions not definitely limited to a small number of copies, as he is in the others. A look around the bookstore is always exciting, and usually reveals some attractive items worth seeing and owning. For example:

"A Journey into Rabelais's France," by Albert J. Nock, (New York: Morrow. $3.50), is not only satisfactory and alluring reading, but well printed, and illustrated with pen and ink drawings by Ruth Robinson.

"The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey," a selection of half a hundred of the best of the *Lives*, edited with an introduction by John Collier, has been issued in good, readable format by Peter Davies.

Typographic Matters

The Overbrook Press has been established by Mr. Frank Altschul in picturesque surrounding overlooking the Mianus River near Stamford, Conn. A small book of Types, borders, rules, and devices has been printed as a keepsake. Other and more ambitious projects are in hand.

The "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Books Printed at the Cambridge University Press" and now on exhibition in this country has been printed by the Press as a comely, thin octavo—marred by the growing tendency to place the period and comma *outside* of the quotation marks.

Recent issues of that incomparable small magazine, *Philobiblon* (Herbert Reichner, Vienna), include matter either textual or pictorial on Johannes Boehland, on Wagner's difficulties in publishing and selling his musical setting for *Die Beiden Grenadiere*, on mineralogical books, on first editions of German music composers, and on the Stellfell Music Library in Antwerp. There have been several reprints, one of a German translation, *Der Büchernarr*, of Flaubert's *Bibliomanie*. In 1929 Professor Theodore W. Koch of Northwestern University Library issued a translation in English. The original MS. is in possession of Dr. Stefan Zweig of Salzbourg.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 316)

childish cynicism; Tadé, the Everywoman's dream of a lover; all are but puppets surprisingly like our dolls in the attic.

Yet the writer has talent, and soon we shall expect her to grow up. In the meantime her book should be a great success in the loan libraries. Did we neglect to say that the story is about a lady's search for "ideal love"?

M. S. U.

MY NEXT BRIDE. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

Kay Boyle has achieved a considerable, if intensive, reputation, perhaps more for her short stories than for her novels. Her peculiar ability to express obscure intuitions in sudden lyric flashes makes her shorter work brilliant, but leaves her novels static. Many readers will be puzzled by the present book, which tells the story of a jobless American girl in Paris, her weird experiences in a pseudo-art-and-craft colony, her attenuated love affair with a wealthy but wraith-like young Bostonian; everything is seen obliquely, in a stream of unconsciousness. Kay Boyle's characters are always intense and vivid at first, particularly the two starving Russian women; but they do not develop. Her situations are well presented, so that one begins the book with expectancy; but half way through, the imaginative possibilities are submerged in the development of a *roman à clef* which may have its own meaning to a few, but will do little to keep the general reader interested. Meanwhile, there are pages that light up with perceptions and phrases which are Kay Boyle's, and which make one regret that they exist, like the American expatriates to whom they apply, in a vacuum.

G. S.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Essence of Plotinus. Based on translation by S. McKenna. Compiled by G. H. Turnbull. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Longinus and English Criticism.* T. R. Henn. Cambridge Univ. Pr. (Macmillan). $2.25. *The Art of Walking.* Ed. E. V. Mitchell. Loring. $1.75. *The Neo-Classic Theory of Tragedy in England During the Eighteenth Century.* C. C. Green. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Undercurrents of Influence in English Romantic Poetry.* M. Sherwood. Harvard Univ. Pr. $3.50. *Shakespeare.* G. Saintsbury. Macmillan.

BIOGRAPHY

From Then Till Now. J. Barnes. Appleton-Century. $4.

DRAMA

L'Aiglon. E. Rostand. Adapted C. Dane. Doubleday. $1.75.

ECONOMICS

The Theory of Economic Development. J. A. Schumpeter. Harvard Univ. Pr.

EDUCATION

A Guide to Good English. G. B. Woods. Doubleday. *Conversational French.* A. Mann, Jr. Macmillan. $2.50. *Sex Education.* Child Study Ass. of America. 25 cents. *Experience in English Composition and Literature.* Vol. II. Grade IX to XII. Chicago: Francis W. Parker School. $1. *Grady-Klapper-Gifford Childhood Readers.* Third Reader Workbook. Scribners. 28 cents. *The Teaching of College English.* Compiled O. J. Campbell. Appleton.

FOREIGN

Die Grosse Fahrt. H. F. Blunck. Munich: Langen & Müller.

MISCELLANEOUS

Citizens of Long Ago. A. B. Hawes. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *The Universe Around Us.* Sir J. Jeans. Macmillan. $4. *Economic History of the People of the United States.* F. A. Shannon. Macmillan. $5. *The Theatre in My Time.* St. John Ervine. Loring. $2.50. *Literature in My Time.* C. Mackenzie. Loring. $2.50. *Here's England.* D. Hartley. Loring. $3.50. *Political Power.* C. E. Merriam. Whittlesey. $3. *Beasts and Saints.* Trans. H. Waddell. $2.50. *The Meaning of Unintelligibility in Modern Art.* E. F. Rothschild. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1.50. *The Hands of Dr. Locke.* R. Beach. Farrar. $1. *Selection and Training of the Polo Pony.* G. Culum. Scribners. $5. *A Woman's Best Years.* A. B. Wolfe, M.D. Long. $2.25. *Christian Church at Dura-Europos.* C. Hopkins and P. V. C. Baur. Yale Univ. Pr. *The Human Machine.* L. M. Breed, M.D. Stratford. $1.50. *Oriental Brasses.* I. Ingersoll Lockwood. Glendale. Calif. Clark. $7.50. *Who Gets the Money?* W. Rautenstrauch. Harpers. $1. *Stranger than Fiction.* By "The Voice of Experience." Dodd. $1. *Notes and Queries:* Relating Chiefly to Interior Pennsylvania, 1878-1900. A. M. Aurand. Harrisburg: Aurand. *The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems.* E. Markham. Trans. into Pennsylvania-Dutch dialect A. M. Aurand, Jr. Harrisburg: Aurand. *Cape Cod Ahoy!* A. W. Tarbell. Little. $2. *Guess Who.* Pliny the Younger. New York: Empire. *Limited Capitalism.* L. W. Allen. New York: Strand, 18 East 41st St. *The Book of Dogs.* J. G. Lawson. Rand McNally. 50 cents. *English Costume of the Seventeenth Century.* I. Brooke. Macmillan. $2. *An Anthology of World Poetry.* Ed. M. Van Doren. Blue Ribbon. *Intercollegiate Debates.* Ed. E. R. Nichols. Noble. *Answers to Awkward Questions of Childhood.* T. F. Tucker and M. Pout. Kendall.

NEW EDITIONS

The Night Before Christmas. C. C. Moore. Dodd. $1. *The New Background of Science.* Sir J. Jeans. Macmillan. $2.50. *Dreamthorp.* A. Smith. Doubleday. *The Works of William Shakespeare.* Oxford Univ. Pr. $3.

PAMPHLETS

From the Scrip of Eros. R. L. Mégroz. London: Fenland. *Sir Walter Scott.* D. M. Stuart. English Association. *The First Duke of New England.* A. Proteus. Boston: Satyr Pr. *A Description of the "New Deal."* F. R. Fairchild, E. S. Furniss, N. S. Buck, and C. H. Whelden, Jr. Macmillan. *Administocracy.* G. S. Claire. Macmillan. *Contemporary Legislative and Banking Problems.* American Institute of Banking.

POETRY

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Monroe: N. C. 50 cents.

RELIGION

The Episcopal Church. T. St. C. Will. Morehouse. $1.50.

SOCIOLOGY

The Application of Scientific Methods to Sociology. J. C. Cobb. Boston: Chapman & Grimes.

*December

The American Mercury

THE NEW DEAL VS. RECOVERY
by Benjamin Stolberg & Warren Jay Vinton

ATTORNEY-GENERAL CUMMINGS
by Hugh Russell Fraser

Pan-Americanism: Myth and Failure	*Robert Hammond Murray*
Stupidities of the Military	*H. A. De Weerd*
The New Deal Woos the Army	*Samuel Grafton*
The Hindenburg Myth	*S. Miles Bouton*
Gone Native	*John Collier*
The Child Labor Disgrace	*Anthony M. Turano*
The Saar Plebiscite	*M. W. Fodor*
Singers Are Dumber than Fiddlers	*Bernard Preston*
Progress and Confusion in Science	*David Ramsey*
Four Sonnets	*William Ellery Leonard*
The American Orchestra Survives	*Grace Overmyer*

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

50c *for one copy—By the year* $5.00

Introductory Offer to

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

9 months for only $2.00

The NEW MERCURY is your kind of magazine if you know that many things are wrong with our nation and our civilization and have the courage to face the facts. You will find each issue full of courageous, stimulating and highly interesting articles, covering the entire range of American and world affairs.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $2.00. Send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for the next 9 months. (Regularly 50c a copy—$5.00 a year.)

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

SR-12

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

AMERICANA

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN AMERICANA catalog just issued. Free upon request. THE DOLPHIN BOOK SHOP, 438 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BARGAINS

FREE: 1,000 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to monthly bulletins offering thousands new books. Famous publishers, savings 50 to 80%. Longwood Bargain Bookshop, 850 Longwood Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS are perhaps the least variable of all investments, years of experience, a consistent record of fair dealing, and moderate prices back every transaction at this shop. Catalogs on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS AND CURRENT BOOKS. House of Books, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

FRENCH BOOKS

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $3.00. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mailorder catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

KEEP YOUR FRENCH UP TO DATE. The FRENCH BOOK CLUB, 556 Madison Avenue, New York, offers each month one OUTSTANDING book of LATEST French fiction, 12 volumes of the best of current French literature for only $15.00 a year. —To stimulate new membership we will deliver to new subscribers before Christmas, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the Christmas number of "L'ILLUSTRATION," or CLIFTON'S New French-English Dictionary, regularly sold at $3.00 each, or: "Grammaire de l'Académie française."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. First novels, stories wanted. No advance charges. 5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (or 108 W. 85 St., N. Y. C.)

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS Marketed, criticized, edited, revised; personal help in placement and publication. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

CAREERS IN WRITING. If you are interested in learning to write short stories, articles, books, plays, etc., send for latest book —CAREERS IN WRITING— without charge. Also free Aptitude Test! U. S. School of Writing, Dept. S24, 20 W. 60th Street, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books, reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

RUSSIAN BOOKS

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 5c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

Double-Crostics: Number 35

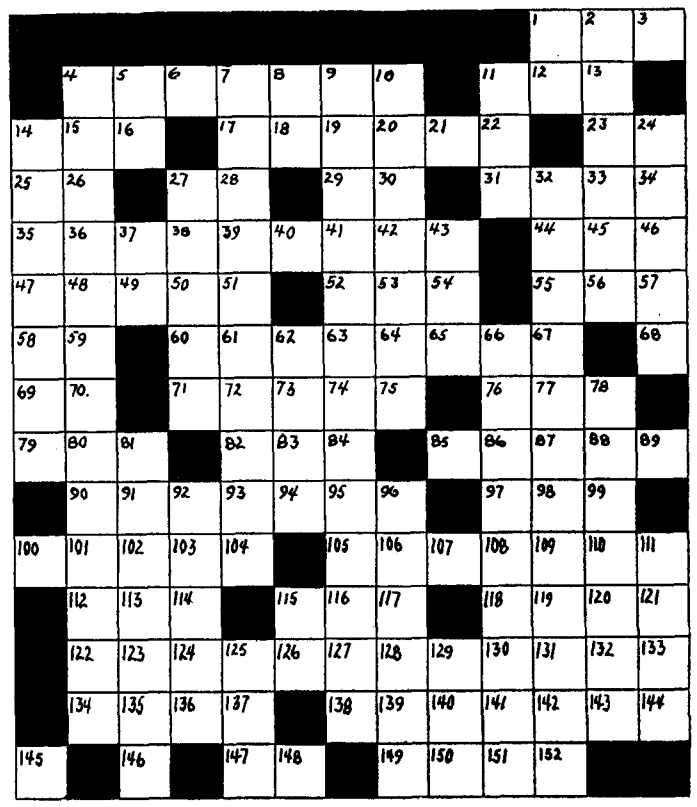
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 48-6-123-70-26-38-18-111-75-63. Measure of sound (two words).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 56-24-35-61-140-129-7. Limit of perception.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 109-50-67-27-142-84-89-1-81. Pseudonym of R. H. Barham.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 76-131-120-80-128-22-73-103-32-95. Hoosier novelist.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 147-139-85-9. Inspiring genius of an artist.	_ _ _ _
VI. 12-28-47-10-20-64-69-119-126-51-37-55. Premeditated.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 42-101-19-137-133. Unpleasant, objectionable.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 53-17-45-121-14-127-36. Crescent-shaped ornament.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 44-66-43-150-13-96-59. To swallow greedily.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 52-39-4-21-60-151-136. Painting by Millet.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 93-116-132-90-2-144. Scene of important World War campaign.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 100-110-134-65-58-82-145-91. To face confidently.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 79-125-94-138-105-98-57-40. Shabby; careless.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 146-34-77-114-108-143-118-41-112-148. Power to satisfy (econ.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 11-152-78-68-31-113-99-88. English dramatist (1579-1625).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 62-124-92-46-115-29-107-97-74. Irish writer (1728-74).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 102-49-16-83-141-72. Novel by Bulwer Lytton.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 106-33-25-54-122-86. Object worn as a charm.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 149-15-30-3-71-135-130-8. Islands north of Scotland.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 23-87-5-117-104. Wife of Abraham.	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 34)

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY—"RENASCENCE"

God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on thy heart!
. . . . . .
Above the world is stretched the sky
No higher than the soul is high.
The soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, NORWALK, CONN. Small distinguished, different. Overlooking Silvermine River. Booklet on request. Tel. Norwalk 2300.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

YOUNG man, private schools, two years Oxford and Europe, one time would-be author, three years a gentleman farmer, four seasons resort clerking, desires permanent connection as personal secretary or travelling companion. Well trained in the art of living, proud possessor of a sense of humor and a new convertible, but little else. Box 89-A.

WE BUY LINCOLN HEAD PENNIES. Will pay up to $2.00 each if over ten years old. Indian Head Pennies worth up to $51.00 each. Send 10c for BUYING CATALOG. CONTINENTAL COIN CO., INCORPORATED, PR, 111 W. Jackson, Chicago.

HOUSEKEEPER, capable, intelligent German, trained in all branches of household service, linguist, would give services to elderly gentleman or couple in exchange for home and compensation. "Alone."

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT for children that can't be duplicated. We notify you at once if a child is already subscribing to Wise House, monthly, illustrated, story letters. Send for sample. Box 564, Rye, New York.

MY eight compact treatises covering story writing, $1. Edwin L. Sabin, R. 1, Hemet, Calif.

J. L. W.—You more than struck a responsive chord! Waiting expectantly. R.

PERSONALS

INVEST $2.00 in fascinating literary venture and get back $50.00. For practical details write Dept. 5H, Coward-McCann, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

PAEDICULI PERPEND. New York *Times* tells that one Gardiner suggests that Universities finance the gifted Sherlock Holmes; Professor Leslie Hotson; for another trip to England to solve the "Shake-speare" problem. A silly waste of good money, when study of "Shakespeare Identified," by J. Thomas Looney, will show clearly that Edward DeVere, 17th Earl of Oxford, was the Poet and Dramatist, "William Shake-speare." Hotson's friend never used that name; his signatures, never twice the same, were "Shakspe," "Shakspur," or "Shaxpur"; yet Hotson, knowing this, wrote in Atlantic that the deeds in 1613 were signed, "Shakespeare." When asked by Atlantic's Editor to explain, Hotson evaded. SOME SHERLOCK HOLMES. George Frisbie.

INVESTMENT of two hundred and fifty pennies returns "To Each A Penny" with 100% interest in love and human nature mixed into modern business and trust banking. Send check or money order to Lothrop, 126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

REALLY Effective Tutoring — American, English, and German trained tutor available. Box M.

INTERESTED in making $20-$100 weekly spare time? Stamp brings details. Box 623.

JOHN CROYNE—You would find me funny, too, would rather meet tiger than most women. 41-A.

GISSING: The tapestry is of too charming a pattern to have the thread broken! Weave more?

"'CONTACTS,' the first intelligent and disinterested effort to solve a difficult modern problem," writes a new member of Contacts, only correspondence club for the mentally isolated. Free book exchange. Sand 3c stamp for prospectus E. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

JAMES NAIRN—Marvellous letter! Read six times. Are you real? Send address. Claire.

TENOR wanted by amateur mixed quartet. Non-commercial—Singing Bach, etc. Fair sight reader. Box 106-A.

PERSONALS

EXPERT manuscript service by experienced Editor who takes a deep personal interest in the success of your work. Manuscripts read: $5; book length, $10. Manuscripts marketed. Typing, with corrections and constructive suggestions, at attractive terms. Florence B. Crane, M.A., 519 West 121st Street, New York, N. Y. Phone: University 4-8416.

LADY wants part time work with books. For the winter. Prefers N. Y. Box 97-A.

ROMANY—A Patrin from a comrade. Box 99-A.

AUTHOR of volume of poems recently published, favorably reviewed, desires loan of one thousand dollars at interest, or position anywhere with spare time to continue literary work. Next book will be dedicated to the patron. American, 35, white, well educated, substantial background, references. Investigation involves no obligation. Your inquiry invited. Box 100-A.

AUTHOR'S secretary, employed mornings, desires afternoon position or manuscript-typing; 35c per M. Box 101-A.

WHO knows of a fairly inexpensive fishing camp in the South, where one can get some winter fishing? Box 102-A.

LUCIE—Why not? Let's try it.
Box 103-A.

TEACHER, satiated with children, desires work with adults or inanimate objects. Assets—knowledge of oriental books and countries, research and library work, driver's license and a sense of humor. Box 104-A.

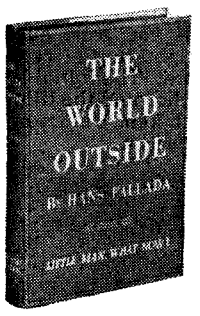
WANTED—Marble Faun by Faulkner; Flagons and Apples by Jeffers; and Thirst by O'Neill. Box 105-A.

Readers of the Personals *column may care to take up or pass on the suggestion in this letter.*

Sir:—I am an Australian girl, aged 18, and I am very keen to make pen-friends of any American boys or girls who care to write to me. I am interested in film stars and talking pictures and snapshots of interesting places. I would do my best to answer anyone who is interested enough to write to me. I hope you will not mind publishing this letter in your magazine. Yours Sincerely, Jessie Doig, 235 Esplanade East, Port Melbourne, S. C. 7, Victoria, Australia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*



HANS FALLADA'S *new novel. published today*

The Inner Sanctum has just published the new novel by HANS FALLADA, the author of *Little Man, What Now?* It is called *The World Outside,* and in the highly prejudiced judgment of Your Correspondents (rendered to the accompaniment of a small noise, as of an ax grinding), it is as moving, as honest, and as beautifully-written as that earlier work which tugged at the heart-strings of two continents.

There is no more cruel test for a novelist than the first book after a crit ical triumph and best-seller of world renown. HANS FALLADA has met that test.

A Pomeranian farmer by occupation and *ein kleiner Mann* by sympathy, HANS FALLADA writes to *The Inner Sanctum* that only over plowed fields does he walk surely and happily. Only by adoption is he a man of letters. Unaf fected by the glory and homage that greeted *Little Man, What Now?,* unaf fected by the translation of his books into twelve languages, he wrote *The World Outside* from a full heart, and from a deep sympathy for the lowly

Critics (names and addresses on file at *The Inner Sanctum*) have described *Little Man, What Now?* as *The Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the depression, as *The Odyssey* of the forgotten man, *The All Quiet* of the nineteen-thirties. FALLADA'S new book, *The World Outside,* applies the same quickening of sympathy, the same wit and tenderness, the same "softening effect upon our hard crust of daily unconcern" to another sort of "little man"—this time an ordinary person, not heroic, not criminal, who is genuinely desirous of becoming an honest citizen after a term in prison.

But the world outside is too much for this little man. The other honest citizens are too much for him—and FALLADA reserves his sharpest shafts of satire for the respectable and the smug In the end WILLI KUFALT returns to prison, rather relieved, as a matter of fact, to escape the harsh rebuffs of the world outside.

In the hands of a merely indignant novelist, such a theme would be depressing and preachy. In the hands of HANS FALLADA—hands that reach out to all the small souls, the scorned and the rejected, and greet them with understanding and charm and humor—*The World Outside* becomes a novel reminiscent of the great humanitarian romances of CHARLES DICKENS.

ESSANDESS

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞There ought to be a system for providing book reviewers with advance tips on Nobel Prize winners. One or two of the reviewers were neatly caught off first base by the announcement of the award. Pirandello. . . Pirandello? Oh, yes, the man who wrote *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* and that book of essays—what was it called? If there was even a mention of the Greta Garbo movie, *As You Desire Me,* we didn't see it. Now Dutton's list no less than a dozen books in print by Pirandello, including five novels, five books of plays, and two of short stories. It will be interesting to hear how the sales of these books are affected by the Nobel Prize announcement.

☞Statisticians inform us that Erle Stanley Gardner, lawyer and detective novelist, produces 1,440,000 words a year (about 4,000 a day); and that Nicholas Murray Butler, between 1872 and 1932, has written 3,200 books, reports, speeches, articles, and introductions (about one item a week). We are glad to see in the Cumulative Book Index that twenty-nine titles by President Butler are listed as in print and available.

☞*The Pleasures of Publishing,* which supplied the Butler statistic above (the 3,200 figure, we mean; we looked up the C. B. I. ourselves) has begun to serialize a list of Thirty-Three Commandments for Publishers of Books, derived, we take it, from the Publishers' Code. The first fourteen are printed in the current issue of that weekly mimeograph, and we recommend it to any one who wants a bird's-eye view of what the code contains. ☞We are interested in Doubleday's timely announcement about heavy water, the discovery for which Dr. Harvey C. Urey was recently awarded the Nobel Prize in physics. It seems that the whole business is explained in Watson Davis's *The Advance of Science,* which Doubleday has just issued. "The hypothesis," says Mr. Davis, "has been advanced that the cause of old age and senility is too much heavy water in the human body. . . If this idea is sustained, will science find the 'fountain of youth' in some method of rejuvenating by removing the heavy water from our tissues?" ☞The most interesting thing to us in the latest Van Dine mystery, *The Casino Murder Case,* was the general to do made over the theory that a murder had been caused by giving the victim heavy water to drink: but, as we remember it, Mr. Van Dine's scientific department finally came through with the statement that heavy water was harmless. Will somebody clear this up for us?

* *

☞We recently asked in this column whether the French had a word for hangover—in fact, Old Quercus, never having observed any hangover in France, doubted whether they had such an expression. Mr. G. F. Lechat informs us that if there is no word, there is at least a phrase: "To have a hangover" means *"Avoir la gueule de bois."* We checked this in *The Concise Oxford French Dictionary,* and it's O.K.

☞Bill Hall, out in the Orient with Harry Snyder, writes Quercus as follows: "Please tell S. R. business dept. that of the Subscription books [i. e. books of blanks on which booksellers take subscriptions to the S. R. L.] given us to drop around the Orient—

"No. 47 in is hands of Christian Literary Society (Kyo Bun Kwan, Tokyo).

"No. 49 is in hands of Maruzen Co., Ltd., Tokyo.

"All other books are disposed of except No. 50, which Harry is trying desperately to foist on somebody. The sticker is they don't cost anything, which is sus-s-s-picious!" The business dept. replies to Mr. Hall that they'll be glad to have him sell book No. 50 for anything he can get.

* *

☞Mr. Willis Foster, Literary Editor of *The Argonaut* (San Francisco) is kind enough to send us a report on a recent bookstore event in those parts:

> William Saroyan made his first public appearance Saturday at one of the regular Author's Afternoons of the Paul Elder Book Store. He didn't speak; he just read one of his stories, but the audience—which overflowed the lecture room and would have filled it twice if Bill had stayed for a second show—loved it. They bought out Elder's stock of Saroyan's book at a premium price for signed first editions, and might have used up a large order of the reprint editions if Mr. Elder had received them in time.
>
> He claimed to be nervous, but Bill showed himself to be a good showman when he got up to read, after I had spent half an hour reviewing his book and his brief literary career. He expressed thanks for my having filled "the hard part" of the program, and apologized for being a little nervous. "I'm not very good at reading stories," he said. "I'm only good at writing them." The audience chuckled and then applauded.

☞This reminds us that we intended before now to take issue with Elmer Davis on the statement, in his review of the last Wodehouse novel, that *"Jeeves is the Dizzy Dean of literature."* It is our conviction that William ("I'm only good at writing them") Saroyan is the Dizzy Dean of literature.

☞Compton's Encyclopedia has issued a twenty-page booklet called *The Choice of a Hobby* by Anne Carroll Moore. 303 books are listed on forty-eight hobbies, each book with a brief description. Miss Moore consulted librarians, booksellers, and various experts before preparing the list. Most of the hobbies rate anywhere from four to a dozen recommended titles; but Simon and Schuster, publishers of Alex Morrison's *A New Way to Better Golf,* will be glad to hear that this is the only title recommended for golf players. ☞Compton's report that over 600,000 copies of the booklet have been ordered by public and school libraries and by bookstores.

☞W. S. Thompson has left Doubleday Doran's mail order department to become secretary and sales manager of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Before working at Doubleday, Mr. Thompson was a director of G. P. Putnam's Sons, where he was in charge of mail order work. ☞The neatest trick of the week is Doubleday's ad in the *Publishers' Weekly* on the new Thorne Smith novel, *The Glorious Pool.* You have to hold it up to the light to see what it says; and if that doesn't sell you the book, there's no use advertising.

MRS. SIDDONS writes to KATHARINE CORNELL, CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE speaks his mind to EUGENE O'NEILL, NOEL COWARD hears from RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

and other great voices from the drama's past speak to the illustrious living in richly imaginative letters conceived by the astute dramatic critic of *"The New York Post."*

LETTERS FROM GREEN ROOM GHOSTS

by John Mason Brown

An amusing, provocative volume which every drama-lover will thoroughly enjoy. Writes Herschel Brickell: *"As delightful and keenly intelligent a volume of theatrical criticism as you will find in contemporary letters.. I enjoyed Mr. Brown's book heartily and so will you if you like good writing and good thinking about the theatre."*

THE VIKING PRESS $2.

Dynamite!

The book that tells how the "news" you read and hear is controlled and colored

MOBILIZING FOR CHAOS

THE STORY OF THE NEW PROPAGANDA

By O. W. REIGEL. There is dynamite in this volume which exposes the appalling extent to which the press and the radio the world over are controlled to mould public opinion and foster a blind nationalism. $2.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

All aboard for JAVA

on a world tour by freighter!

Have you discovered this little book—a true way of escape and fast becoming a sort of little religion with many people, that one famous magazine editor compares to the best of Maugham, to Loti, and to Conrad, and of which John Chamberlain, writing about it for the second time in the *Times* said "Mr. Atkinson's stature as an essayist is fully up to H. M. Tomlinson." $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE CINGALESE PRINCE

by BROOKS ATKINSON

He Could Manage His Army but NOT His Country

● England's foremost historical biographer has dug into the private records of centuries past and unearthed a surprisingly new portrait of the most misunderstood man in history.

Here you see Oliver Cromwell as he really was—the popular, fun-loving scion of a notorious family of millionaires, thrust unwillingly into the rulership of England, and holding it only by his brilliant military genius. *Illustrated,* $4.

LIPPINCOTT

HILAIRE BELLOC'S CROMWELL

September Choice of the English Book Guild

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FAMILY BURIAL MURDERS *Milton Propper* (Harpers: $2.)	Nephew's body found in earth beside open grave of aunt in Phila. cemetery starts Tommy Rankin on stern chase.	Grisly atmosphere, a couple of good fights, two "supplementary" killings, some nice alibi busting, and surprising conclusion.	Good
MURDER FOR A WANTON *Whitman Chambers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Nasty plutocrat and most of family bumped off before newspaper reporter nabs the right man.	Rough stuff in road-house and colorful newspaper background veraciously done with plenitude of action.	Entertaining
MURDER CALLING *David Whitelaw* (Kendall: $2.)	Returned globe-trotter, with shadowy past, hardly settles down before he "goes above" and trouble begins.	No sleuths in this one, pro. or amateur, yet very nice puzzle works itself out through interesting characters.	Excellent
SINISTER ALIBI *Carlton Wallace* (Crime Club: $2.)	Series of "suicides" and one "heart attack" bring Ex-Scotland Yarder back from retirement to trail murderous genius.	Killing, counterfeiting, kidnapping, more killing, gang fights, etc., keep this one from approaching dullness.	Thriller

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED